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REMOVAL.

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EARLY TO PRESS.—In consequence of our "moving," we were compelled to send the present number to press, and away to subscribers, a few days in advance of the usual time, in order that it might not partake of the "noise and confusion" incident to such an interesting event. Our usual publication-day is on the 10th of the month *preceding* the date. Thus, copy for the June number was put in hand early in April, and we shall commence printing early in May. Advertisements, and other matter, should therefore be sent in accordingly. Address the Publishers, 308 Broadway, New York.

BOOKS BY MAIL.—We will send by return of "THE FIRST MAIL," postage prepaid, any work to be had in this market. Enclose the amount, and direct to FOWLERS AND WELLS, 308 Broadway, New York.

General Articles.

PHRENOLOGICAL JOTTINGS.

No. II.

BY LEVI REUBEN, M.D.

THE AWAKENING OF GENIUS.—A genuine poet becomes aroused to the appreciation and capability of poetry, by the first really poetic effusion that falls in the way of his boyhood. He is aroused because he *is* a poet. Genius, of some stamp, but well developed and proportioned, was slumbering there, needing no creation, but only awakening. We are told that Cowley traced his poetical predilections to a chance perusal of *Spenser;* John Clare credited his bent in the same direction to the reading of "*Thomson's Seasons;*" and Thomas Holcroft, to "*Chevy Chase.*" But while thousands have read Spenser and Chevy Chase, very few Cowleys or Holcrofts have ever arisen from the perusal. By no means does a chance treat of poesy beget in the young mind a love and ability not previously to be found there. The poet within responds to the poet without. The appreciation only proves what was already within. The principle so long ago uttered, apparently dogmatically, by the great Roman orator and philosopher, in his defence of the poet Archias, proves to have been no dogma, but a veritable and deep intuition. "*Poeta nascitur, non fit*"—the poet is born, not made—is a truth reaffirmed by Phrenology. Indeed, its ablest defender could not have expressed more happily this fundamental principle of the system than did Cicero, nearly two thousand years ago!

If we take the word *poet* in its larger sense, as the *creator* of whatever is beautiful, and the *maker* of whatever is noble, thus including all the grand efforts of mind in literature, art, and invention, we find that the same principle still holds true;—equally so, indeed, in that widest signification, in which *every man* is the artificer (*poet*) of his own fortune.

Another thought: Cicero, and many more, anticipated Gall in one of the results of the system of the latter, though not in the processes that led to it. May we not learn from this that we are apt to overrate the importance of the reasoning faculties, and to undervalue *intuition? Reason must wait patiently, perhaps for thousands of years, until slow-paced Observation furnishes her with data; but a keen intuition vaults in one moment over the obstacles of centuries of toilsome inquiry, and brightens the darkest of the ages with light stolen from the Millennium.*

IMPORTANCE OF INDIVIDUAL FACULTIES.—A little knot of brain—*ganglion*, a knot, or what we call an organ—varying in size, perhaps from that of a small pea to that of a good plum, may be the ruin of all the rest of a man's brain and body. How many are carrying about now, in that wonderful intra-cranial mass, and providing for and feeding with great care, some such knot of brain that is destined, if not well understood and carefully watched, and perhaps even in spite of the most untiring watchfulness, on some particular future day, under some peculiar combination of circumstances, to prove the death of their earthly success and happiness; perhaps to terminate their lives; perhaps, as far as that is possible, to blight and deform the immortal spirit itself! The gift of each single human faculty imposes an immeasurable responsibility. The possession of each brings with it boundless possibilities, and warrants unbounded expectations, thus necessarily exposing it to infinite dangers and losses.

MENTAL ATTRACTION AND REPULSION.—These are seen in every day's observation, and felt in almost every day's experience. The phenomena corroborate in a striking manner the truth of Phrenology; and they will teach him who studies them many curious and practical lessons. "Halting between two opinions" has become a saw; and it is a very expressive one. A man acted on by two motives, of equal force but in opposite directions, is in the same predicament with a mass of dead matter, similarly acted on, and of course he shows the same result. Neither force

overmastering the other, he cannot move towards either; and so, very naturally, "*halts between.*" Throw in an overweight on either side, and he flies to that as nimbly, and as *irresistibly*, too, as the pith ball leaps to the electrified surface, or as the overloaded scale springs towards the earth. It is astonishing how easily one gets out of a quandary thus! The man who hesitates long over a bribe of five thousand, is inevitably mastered by an offer of *ten*. Indeed, it seems almost cruel to blame him. He has obeyed the stronger attraction. If a man, with virtue and character at stake, wavers doubtfully, we pity him. He is in fearful danger. But if another, with no great principles in the balance, boggles and queries long without a decision, we despise him. We say, truthfully enough, "He cannot *make up* his mind:" that is, his faculties are pulling, some this way, some that, and he has not disciplined them so that they can measure with promptitude the attractions respectively acting on them, and "make up," as friends after a discussion, with a consent to move at once in the direction of the strongest motive.

Novelists make great use of the principle now under consideration. Probably never did genuine hero or heroine escape their clutches without being once, or many times, "torn by contending emotions;" and we are no way surprised to see even their minor characters—the mere "filling-up" of their dramas—very often "on the fence!"

Some facts may be added that show this principle even more plainly. A child wishing to go to a stranger, but fearing at the same time to do so, *stands still* in its place, but shows the struggle within by some sort of bodily contortions. If the attraction be greatly increased, as by the offer of some tempting gift, but fear will not yield, then the child moves in a circle round the stranger—a very fair exemplification of the effect of *centripetal* and *centrifugal* forces. So, put to a man on a sudden a request he does not wish to refuse, but which is very unpleasant to some of his faculties, and, unless he is extremely shrewd or well schooled in the world, he is invariably rendered speechless for a few moments; while the working of his features or limbs attests the discord into which the mental elements have been thrown. When the esoteric tumult subsides a little, the winning faculty speaks out, and you get the man's decision.

Motives.—"I impugn no man's *motives*," said a Rev. Dr. W. in my hearing, in a late discussion. Now, the judgment of his auditors did not confirm the truth of this assertion. It was evidently the dictate of a full and active organ of Cunning, and uttered to win approval on the speaker's side. But it shows that truth is somewhere; and we may draw a lesson from it. *Why* is it praiseworthy to "impugn no man's motives?" Is it not because a well-developed Intellect recognizes in motives a *necessity* of our being, and Charity (large) forbids our regarding as criminal or blameworthy in our fellows, the right exercise of aught that is indispensable to their well-being, even though it be found on the physical, animal, and less honorable aspect of their nature?

But how far shall this charity go? Certainly not to the extent of injustice and injury to those who may be the objects of wrong motives in another, and the sufferers by them. The highest charity will show itself towards both the offender and the victim as far as it may, but will surely *not* shield the former from blame to the detriment of the latter. It is thus that we do most strenuously impugn the "motives" of men, under many circumstances, and that necessarily and justly. The "motives" of the assassin, the thief, or the slanderer, are promptly and pertinaciously assailed. Indeed, there seems to be a mistaken conception of honor, or politeness, or charity, in the rule that would assail no motives of man, under any circumstances whatever. Too lamentably true is it, that these motives are *often* wrong. In the cunning pressing of private ends, or in the bigoted or interested advocacy of erroneous doctrines of religion, duty, and social life, they may be working deeper and wider wrongs than the assassin's knife, or the venom of the slanderer's tongue. Then true Charity gives her consent; and motives may be justly impugned. The hopes, and tollings, and possibilities of many souls, outweigh all the claims of selfhood in the one or the few.

Social Reformers are too often (and, in view of the principles here laid down, it would seem very unjustly) charged with being *uncharitable*. Is it real *un*charitableness that makes a genuine republican wish ill to Russia, in her contest with the Turks? Is it *un*charitableness that denounces the conduct of the dramseller? Is it *un*charitableness that condemns the grasping policy of capital, and pronounces the common laborer in most or all communities, as communities now are, an injured man? Is it *un*charitableness that exposes the land speculator — that *gambler* in one of God's best gifts, the soil—to the indignation of the thousands robbed, by such as him, of a large share of their birthright? Is it *un*charitableness that marks the many heartless despotisms of an imperfectly developed state of society, for animadversion, opposition, and final extinction? Towards evils such as these, *it is Charity's self that makes us sternly "uncharitable:"* or rather, we should say, *implacable;* for the other word is plainly, here, not rightly used. He that most deeply loves man, will most deeply hate every form of tyranny and fraud.

Use of Phrenology in Controversy. — A skilful, phrenologically-educated controversialist might, in many cases, annihilate any untruthful arguments on the part of his opponent; not by attacking the substance of those arguments, but by showing under the promptings of what faculties his opponent was impelled to resort to arguments of *such* a sort. Thus, by exposing the bitterness of the fountain, we should show the true character of the stream. By unveiling the "motives" of the calumniator of right, we should place his sophistries at their true value. This would explain away the force of a false ratiocination, built, as it so often is, on premises in themselves true. But where false arguments seemed to grow out of an ignorance of facts or principles, it would be necessary besides to give the information for want of which the erroneous conviction might seem plausible. Thus we should establish a conclusive negative mode of reasoning. The plan proposed does not imply a descent to what are styled "personalities." It may set aside the man, and judge his arguments by his *cause*. Thus, when we have proved every form of alcoholic liquors a *poison*, we place the vending of these liquors in the catalogue of robbery and murder. No argument, however apparently well based or logically conducted, can make such acts right, or even venial. The labored apologies or arguments of the dramseller only prove the extent of his own profit, and of the public wrong he is inflicting; and thus, rightly interpreted, they become the strongest possible arguments against the further sufferance of his nefarious traffic.

Practical Phrenology.—Within a year past, after attending church one Sabbath with a friend, I called his attention to a person who had sat near us, and told him I was convinced, from a brief observation of the man's craniology, that he must be a very stubborn, mulish character. He had a very marked head, and an expression of countenance that would naturally be the offspring of such a brain. The head, in the coronal region, was so high as to constitute a deformity, sloping very abruptly both before and behind; forehead low; Benevolence, Ideality, Humor and Humanity almost altogether wanting! The face was narrow, long, rigid, deeply wrinkled, every feature seeming to have been set forcibly *down;* the mouth, particularly, running down at the corners almost in a perpendicular direction. My friend informed me that this was Mr. H., a deacon of the church; and that for years he had, by his overbearing obstinacy, kept the society in a broil, and still does so. I certainly never saw elsewhere, on a pair of living shoulders, so much dogged pride and mulishness with so little humane, social, or intellectual brain to enlighten and mollify these offensive traits. I could not help thinking that surely the Spirit of Christ is meek and lowly, that will take up its abode even in some of the unpromising craniums of these transition generations!

Every one should make Phrenology practical in his own intercourse and business with men. Those who have heads low in the coronal region, will do well to avoid coming under the influence of developments like those above referred to; and those who have heads narrow from ear to ear, will rue the day they put themselves in the power of such as are broad and full in the same region. But we have not the time for all the applications of this principle; and a hint alone must suffice. Every person who understands Phrenology *should study the relations of his own mentality to that of these about him.* He should discover, as near as he may, how the excesses or deficiencies of his own organs place him in a plus or minus attitude to the excessive and deficient organs of those with whom he must meet; with what characters they will constitute his strength, and with what others his weakness. He should do this, not to take unjust advantages, but to prevent suffering them. Crafty men may pervert knowledge, while but few possess it. But when knowledge becomes perfect and universal, all men will be honest perforce, because all will be openly read and judged of all. The application of the science here recommended would constitute a new department, and might be termed Relative Phrenology; as the study of individual developments, apart from any such relations, is Absolute Phrenology.

Free Agency.—The study of man, through his

cerebral organization, furnishes the means of unravelling many of the riddles which have, in all ages, puzzled the heads of philosophers and divines. Of these, that of "free agency," so styled, is among the most prominent. I shall venture to apply the phrenological "key" to this mystery. *Human will is always free*, when the man is not under physical compulsion, because he chooses for himself, and not another for him. This freedom of choice we are all conscious of, and it forms the strongest argument for our free agency. But stop a moment. If human will is *free*, are not also *all the faculties* which may, and do, constantly overcome, or rather prompt; and in themselves, for the time being, *actually constitute this will?* Is not Benevolence, in action, "will." And are not Acquisitiveness, and Destructiveness, and Amativeness, and many other faculties, "*will*," as really and effectually so as Firmness, which more commonly gets the credit of being "will?" And what becomes of the Firmness-will when the Benevolence-will, the Amativeness-will, or any other, is predominantly developed or excited? Thus we see that man's will is, indeed, wholly and entirely free, and that at the same time he is nevertheless *the veriest slave of circumstances*. The two opposing faiths, that have battled so valiantly through ages, are both right, and neither exclusively so! Predestination and free agency are, after all, harmonious.

To set this in another light. Man's will is *free*—free to choose just what, in any case, he most strongly desires. But what he most strongly desires, he will inevitably choose. By the very constitution of his nature, he must choose that, and can choose for the time nothing but that. He is thus a "born thrall" of the *strongest motive;* and hence, he is a creature of destiny in spite of, and, indeed, in accordance with, his entire free agency!

Biography.

SOLON ROBINSON.

PHRENOLOGICAL CHARACTER, BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH, AND PORTRAIT.

"The noise in the world" which the work entitled "Hot Corn" is just now making, is an inducement to do what we have for some time contemplated doing, and that is, to give a phrenological and biographical sketch of its author, whose name heads this article. To the readers of agricultural journals, the name of Solon Robinson has been as familiar as any other household word for twenty years, and to many of them his face and general appearance are familiar; but a more particular acquaintance will be none the less acceptable to those who have seen him than to those who have not, while to the purchasers of fifty thousand copies of his first book, who have had a glance at his appearance seen in the rough of one of the wood-cuts, the present correct likeness and biographical sketch will be particularly acceptable. The personal appearance of Mr. Robinson, as seen in the street, is that of an old man; his head is gray, and his beard, which he wears long under the chin, entirely white. He is six feet high, stoop-shouldered, long-limbed, awkward-gaited, walks with a long stride and always with a cane, and is never over-well dressed; we believe always in black, with a somewhat quaker-looking hat, of which might be sung,

"When this old hat was new."

A stranger would suppose, to see him passing rapidly through the thronged streets of New York, that he saw nothing but his boots; yet few of the quick young eyes of the crowd see more than he does, for he searches to the bottom of every thing he looks at, almost at a glance.

PHRENOLOGICAL CHARACTER.

His is a vital-mental temperament in predominance, which gives him a decided mental, rather than physical cast of life. He is inclined to think, reason upon the cause, and understand every moral or intellectual subject which he applies his mind to analyze. His nature inclines him to live a moral rather than a sensuous life; his head is high in proportion to its width, yet the organ of Combativeness is sufficiently developed to impel him ahead in whatever he undertakes, right or wrong; but happily for him and his fellow-creatures, the organ of Benevolence is his guiding power. His first impulse, according to the science of Phrenology, would be the knock-down argument, but the sense of justice drives that impulse away before it can act, unless it does so upon a sudden emergency; yet the overruling of the action of the organ of Combativeness does not make him a coward. We said to him in our examination, You do not suffer much from fear. "I have never felt that sensation. I cannot realize what men mean when they talk of trembling with fear. With me, the greater the danger, the stronger the nerves and power to act."

His head indicates a man possessed of great power to make his words and actions felt by others. He is not a sensualist, yet he was "born to love and be loved" by women and children. He appreciates taste and refinement, and loves beauty, whether in woman, a picture, a mountain or rural scene, a pretty child, a statue, or a fine house. Friendship with him is a strong passion. His love partakes more of friendship than any other feeling. Long before his character was developed in that direction, we had recorded of him: "You lend your full energies of heart and soul for free schools, and whatever will elevate and improve mankind. You love children, but it is not a gingerbread-and-candy love; you love to improve them, while at the same time you love to make them happy, and make them love you. This comes from the organ of Approbativeness, which is large. This makes you ambitious to excel. You like to drive a strong team, and go ahead, and never turn back. You have Firmness and Conscientiousness large, and this keeps your team in the right track."

Neither Veneration nor Hope are large, but his sense of justice is strong. His organs of observation give him a ready knowledge of facts and of language, a powerful descriptive faculty. Locality is very large. It is this which gives his descriptions of countries travelled over such force. He can describe places he has seen but once, and that many years ago; and if he should return upon a road once travelled over, prominent scenes would be all familiar.

His powers of discrimination are strong. He looks in a man's face and reads his character almost at sight. His own is a great original. He is naturally a critic of every thing; is a good judge of acts as well as looks, and would have made a good actor of original characters—he never could copy others. In the phrenological character which we gave him years ago, when we had not the most distant idea who we had under examination, we find this passage:

"If you are a writer, your style is your own, entirely distinct from others. Your sense of physical beauty is strong. You have less tendency to produce works of imagination, than to daguerreotype things already existing. Your love of the sublime is strong, and that, with love of approbation, will incite you, if you ever write a book, to write one that will be read, while benevolence will prompt you to make it do good, and your power over language will give you success in all these branches."

This will seem to some persons prophetic. It is not, it is *science*—phrenological science. Solon Robinson is a true specimen of Yankee character—a versatility of talent. He could build a ship or a log cabin; write a philippic or a sermon; "set the table in a roar," or draw tears from a "full house." His nature is an odd compound of seriousness and mirth. His voice is soft enough for a parlor and quiet conversation, or full, clear and distinct enough, when he speaks, to be heard in the open air by three thousand people. His eyes are blue but very sharp; his hair was a soft dark brown, and his skin fair, in all of which he resembles his mother, as well as in form and stature.

His nature is truthful and candid. If he likes you, you will know it, and if he does not, you will not be long in doubt. He is too plain and blunt to be popular. The vicious will always hate him. Those who read his book will see that he is no friend to vice, particularly that which makes the world vicious, the rum traffic. His aim is to build up, not pull down society to his own level.

We spoke of his versatility of talent. It is this which has surprised a good many people, that a man who could write so well upon farming, could give such graphic reports as he does every week of the cattle and horse-markets of New York; should also have the power to draw tears from the million with the story of "Little Katy." They think, perhaps, as one did of old: "How can he get wisdom that holdeth the plough, and that glorieth in the goad; that driveth oxen and is occupied in their labors, and whose talk is of bullocks; who giveth his mind to make furrows, and is diligent to give the kine fodder?"

Yet the subject of this sketch got all the wisdom he possesses amid just such scenes and occupations; for he was born and has always lived amid the green fields, and has followed after the plough and fed the kine, until within a few years past; and has not yet done talking of bullocks, having made the Reports of the New York Cattle-market a prominent feature of the *Tribune*, which he has been connected with the past year.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

Solon Robinson was born October 21, 1803, about a mile south of the village of Tolland, Connecticut. His father, whose name was Jacob,

SOLON ROBINSON.

the son and grandson of Jacob, and lineal descendant of James the Puritan, whose son came over with the Pilgrims, was born in Scotland parish, a few miles east of the scene of the great bullfrog fight, or fright, which has made their native town of Windham wide-world-renowned.

Solon's mother was Salinda Ladd, of Coventry; his father, a small farmer of the hard lands of that part of the State, and a cooper, died when Solon, the fourth son, was about six years old; and his mother, who gave birth to a fifth son after her husband's death, found herself, as many a widow has, obliged to sell every thing to pay debts, and to put her boys—Solon among them—out to places with farmers who would teach them to hold the plough and talk of bullocks.

After a second marriage, and a sixth son, she died, and his three oldest brothers subsequently, with a similar pulmonary complaint. Solon has several times been "given up by the doctors" with the same complaint; once to be cured by electricity, and once by cold water.

His education was just such as might be expected in the old school-house at the corner of the cross-roads, where he used to attend some part of the time of the two months stipulated that apprentices shall attend school every winter, upon the teaching of a man at "eight dollars a month and board round." At fourteen he closed this course of study, with ability to spell the hard words of Noah Webster's spelling book, but does not recollect ever to have seen his dictionary in school, and with a knowledge of the multiplication-table, and ability to write his name in a good "round hand."

After that he went to learn the trade of a carpenter, his master finding him exceedingly useful when an old roof was to be mended, or new one built, as he could go anywhere that a cat would venture. This trade he had to quit on account of not possessing a constitution of sufficient strength; but he gained in the six months that he worked at it, knowledge that has been of eminent advantage to him in his log-cabin life in the West.

After leaving this trade, he did what a great many other Yankee boys have done, went through the country from house to house, peddling such little articles of merchandise as are most needed in families. After that he was in a store and the business office of a cotton factory. Then for six months upon his back in one fit of sickness, when about twenty years of age, during which he suffered paralyzation of the lower extremities, forcing him to use crutches a year or two, and, but for the energy of his nature, would have consigned him to the poor-house. Disgusted with those he thought ought to assist him to get upon his legs again, he entered into some speculations, buying and selling books, we believe, which enabled him to travel; and in December, 1825, he started for "the far West," then somewhere in Ohio, making a winter voyage which would make a railroad traveller now-a-days shudder to think of. The route he chose was in a boat to Newburg; then in a stage four days to Binghamton, where he called upon an uncle still living there—Doctor Tracy Robinson, well known and much respected; then four days more by way of Ithaca and Geneva to Buffalo; and thence by the stage route through the Cattaraugus woods, among the Indians, and that miserable town of Erie, with rather more difficulty in December, 1825, than travellers found at the same place in December, 1853, though the character of the inhabitants remains unchanged—unchangeable. In the spring of 1826 he reached Pittsburg; this was before the time when steamboats were built to run over shoals with less than one foot of water; but being determined to get nearer sundown, he took passage on a raft, which landed him at Cincinnati in twenty-six days. Here he remained till February, 1830, when he moved into the woods of Indiana, about seventy miles farther west, having married and begun to multiply and replenish the earth.

While in Cincinnati he commenced writing for the press, and for a long time wrote strictures upon the performances in the old Columbia Street Theatre, of which he was Treasurer. These were published in the *Cincinnati Gazette*, and some of them, actors thought, were very piquant. While thus connected he wrote several successful plays—one from Cooper's Red Rover.

In Indiana he built log cabins, cut down the forests and planted corn, and read more books and papers than a hundred of his neighbors. Here he made the first effort in the cause of Temperance. He determined to raise a log cabin without getting his neighbors drunk, then an unheard-of thing. They determined he should not make such an innovation into their ancient customs. They refused to a man to come to the raising. Three friends from a distance came, and these, with himself and hired man, went to work and put up the cabin. A few weeks after, he made a second raising, and sent round his invitations just as though the first had not been refused. The inquiry was made if he would furnish whiskey. "Not a drop." "Then his logs may rot on the ground." "Then they shall, sooner than be raised with whiskey." This was a heavy raising, and he did not know how he was to get it up, but declared he would never yield to furnish men with liquor. The day came, and with its earliest hour, some Quaker friends from a distance, who had heard of the difficulty, began to arrive, with the quiet expression of, "Friend Solon, we have come to put up thy stable for thee: we do not want any whiskey." Before noon, such a host of men have seldom been seen at a log-cabin raising; for the whiskey boys, finding opposition to such a man useless, came in and took hold, and for very shame at their refusal, worked the harder. He never had any difficulty after that about raisings, or log-rollings, or harvesting, without whiskey. When he got his building up, he took another stand; he opened a roadside house of entertainment, and advertised, "No whiskey." His best friends prophesied that in this he would fail. He did not. His house, which was on the road from Madison to Indianapolis, became one of the most frequented, and most comfortable to the traveller who used to plod over that weary road, in those days of mud and corduroy railroads. Many of our readers will undoubtedly remember pleasant nights spent in these log cabins; the first ever built upon that road without being steeped in whiskey and polluted with drunkenness.

During his residence here he was postmaster, and part of the time special agent of the Department.

In 1834, having sold his farm and moved into Madison, he left there and settled in the northwest county of Indiana, among the Pottawatomie Indians, fifteen miles from white neighbors, and forty from church, mill, store or post-office.

His first night on the prairie, when his tent took fire, and his first trip to mill, occupying eleven days, were published in the *Albany Cultivator*, and elicited almost as much notice as some of his Hot Corn stories. His powers of description, as we intimated in the phrenological portion of this sketch, are great, and the style simple, unique, and fascinating to the common reader,

who does not discover faults of composition which might pain the scholar, or tell him that the thoughts flowed from an unpolished pen—from a mind whose early education was neglected.

An anecdote is told of the postmaster at Michigan City, to which place Solon ordered his mail matter, which illustrates his propensity for reading about those days.

Six weeks from the time he left Madison elapsed before he went to the post-office. He inquired if there were any letters or papers.

"Sir," said the postmaster, "is your name Solon Robinson?" "Yes." "Have you a large bag? If you have, you can walk in and empty the office; there is nothing else but Solon Robinson here. You have enough to last you through the season. I hope you will have a good time reading during the winter." So he did. He arrived on the prairie, which afterwards took his name, the first of November, built a round-log cabin sixteen feet square, with a big fire-place on one side, which, filled with hickory logs, gave a most comfortable glow over the split log floor, and under the roof of split "shakes"—there was not a sawed board in the house: and here he did have a "good time" reading his newspapers, and writing letters descriptive of the country and its prospects.

In the spring he enlarged his premises and began to fence and plough the prairie, which had a beautiful undulating surface of soil as rich as garden-mould, which was not long destined to lie idle and uncultivated, for if he had no neighbors in the fall, he had no lack in the spring.

Here he was farmer, merchant, Indian trader, postmaster, Clerk of the Court, and Justice of the Peace, *et cetera*, filling each in its turn with ability. With the Indians he was a great favorite, always dealing with them with strict integrity.

All the north parts of Indiana and Illinois were partially settled by families upon the government lands, who were under great apprehensions of losing their improvements at the land sales, by being outbid by the "land-sharks," as the speculators were called. To prevent this, Solon took a very active part in organizing the settlers, and for which the sharks gave him the title of the "squatter king." Very well, says he, then like a king I will protect my subjects: let no one dare to buy the home of the poorest one among them. If peaceable means will not prevent it, forcible ones shall. It is needless to say the settlers got their homes.

While intimate with the Indians in that part of the State, Solon gathered many incidents of character and tradition, and wrote several "Border Tales of the West," which were very popular. Among these were "The Will;" "The Last of the Buffaloes;" "Mike the Hunter," and several others. He also became well known as a writer for agricultural papers; an advocate of temperance by his lectures and numerous songs written to promote the cause, and as one of the first Sons of Temperance in that part of the State.

In 1840 he was a prominent Harrison man, and one of the writers of the many Tippecanoe songs of that campaign.

He resided in that part of the State some fifteen years, where he has children and grandchildren still living; and then, being obliged to leave on account of his health, he spent several winters travelling through all the Southern States, acting as agent and correspondent of an agricultural journal and house in New York. For several years he has been connected with the press in this city, and in August last he wrote the first "item" in the *Tribune* under the head of "Hot Corn," with no more idea of what was to grow out of the few grains thus planted, than "Little Katy" had that she was so soon to become famous in song and story.

The author of Hot Corn was soon solicited by several prominent publishers to write enough to fill a volume, which he finally consented to do for Messrs. De Witt and Davenport, but without the least expectation of producing a work which would outsell any one heretofore published, as this has done during the first few weeks after its publication. Of the attacks made upon this work, some of them are characterized by a degree of bitterness and want of truth, truly surprising. That it would be attacked, the author expected; because it attacked some of the darling institutions of society, and traced some of the worst cases of wretchedness back to their true source, the fashionable wine-cup. But that he should be accused of a wicked motive to corrupt young minds, no man, woman or child who has read the book, ever did or can think. It is evident the book was not written for popularity. It is an index of the fearless character of the man; fearless in his attacks upon crime and what he conceives to be the principal source of crime, the traffic in intoxicating liquors.

PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL AND WATER-CURE JOURNAL.—It is good for sore eyes to look over the beautifully-printed pages of these periodicals, and as good for sore constitutions, both mental and physical, to read and digest the important "laws of life" and principles of hygiene, so ably developed therein. Only $1 per annum for each work.—*Georgia Citizen.*

LEWIS M. PEASE.

LEWIS M. PEASE.

PHRENOLOGICAL CHARACTER, BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH, AND PORTRAIT.

MR. PEASE possesses a strong and vigorous physical system, and an irregular and uneven development of brain; some faculties being too large, and others too small. The larger faculties are sharply developed, indicating great activity and intensity of action.

He is ambitious to do good; and is willing to exert himself to the utmost to secure success, and to excel in pursuits. He is democratic in the tendencies of his mind, and rather lacking in personal dignity and pride of feeling. But he is spirited, resolute, and firm, and always adheres rigidly to what he thinks is right, requiring the same in others; and severely intolerant of all wrong-doing, though actuated by the tenderest springs of compassion towards the erring, and especially the unfortunate. His sympathy with misfortune is so keen and intense, that he has been known to pull off his coat or his boots, to clothe a suffering wretch, when he did not possess a second article of the kind. He can never resist the appeal of want and woe: even his prudence is not always duly proof against it; and his hand goes to the bottom of his pocket without a thought of consequences.

He is hopeful, enterprising, sanguine, and enthusiastic, though never extravagant in his views; and his imaginative and sympathetic mind lends the vivid hues of poetry to the description of scenes which would be dull and commonplace from the lips of an ordinary narrator. He has great love for poetry and oratory, and for the beautiful and sublime wherever found, in art or in nature. He is impatient and restless in his nature, and almost always in a hurry, from a habit of keeping the work of several men on his hands at once.

Mr. Pease has great executive power, and is never at a loss for means to accomplish his ends. He has strong resentments, but is not fond of quarrelling. His attachments to wife and children are strong; but his general friendship takes the form of philanthropy, rather than of attachment to particular persons. He has a warm sympathy for all mankind, and especially for the suffering and degraded poor.

He is not credulous, but rather apt to doubt. His Veneration is fairly developed; but he has little respect for rank or position of men. His religion mainly consists in doing good. He is living too fast; doing more than his strength will safely permit; and should husband his resources, and take more time for relaxation and enjoyment, in order to be able to "hold out" a long time in his present field of labor.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

Among the notable working missionaries of the day, there are few more successful and indefatigable than the subject of the present sketch. His unassuming character, however, is strikingly illustrated by the fact that his labors were continued for years in the very heart of New York, comparatively unknown even to the citizens of the metropolis, and almost wholly so in the country, until the accidental acquaintance of two or three members of the daily press with the remarkable character of those labors, led to the publication of the "Hot-Corn Stories," and other articles, giving Mr. Pease and his mission a notoriety which makes him a character whose biography will be read with much interest by the fifty thousand subscribers to the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Lewis M. Pease was born in Lisle, Broome Co., New York, Aug. 25, 1818, in one of the rough log-cabins of the pioneer settlers of that region, where his father, whose name was Philo, had settled about a year and a half previous. His ancestors were from Canaan, in Columbia Co.; and, at the time of his "emigration to the West," as moving beyond the Catskill Mountains was then called, the woods were infested with bears, panthers, and other wild animals, including some rare specimens of the biped race, known in that region, in those days, as "Susquehanna lumbermen."

We are inclined to think that Lewis's father was not among the most domestic of the race, and that he did not possess any very peculiar notions upon the subject of education, different from the majority of settlers in a new country, who usually put off the business of schools for their children, and religion for themselves, to some more convenient season.

At any rate, the elder Pease was not a religious man; and though by name a farmer, was more fond of trading horses than working them; and contented himself in the old log-cabin and its surrounding small clearing, and to let his children grow up about as wild as the country of their habitation. He had one great virtue, however, which descended to Lewis—he was temperate.

As there was no school near home, Lewis was sent away, when five or six years old, to the "Caldwell Settlement," some four or five miles from home, one winter, where a vain effort was made to instil into his mind the advantages of learning the rudiments of the English language; but, notwithstanding he had an Angell for a teacher, he was quite unable to comprehend what advantage such abstruse sciences as reading, writing, arithmetic and English grammar, particularly the latter, would ever be to him.

In this, we believe, he was not a very singular instance of that genus of creation known under the general appellation of "boy."

It is not disputed that he used to look forward to Saturday, and a journey home through the woods, and a quick run to keep out of the way of the bears, with more satisfaction than ever he did to his Monday morning excursions over the same road.

We have said that Mr. Pease has the organ of Locality largely developed. This is proved by one of his schoolboy capers.

One Sunday evening he was required to accompany the schoolmaster back to the hated locality of spelling-books and birch twigs, one night before his time. In vain he plead to remain till Monday morning, knowing, as he did, that the expected return of his father would bring some gratification of the appetite which he was unwilling to forego. But higher law prevailed, and they started, and plodded on along the narrow sled-path about three miles, the snow lying some three feet deep through the dark woods upon each side. As night came on, he felt the yearning for liberty growing irresistible, and made a bold leap from the path, and shot off into the depth of the forest. Of course the master followed and cried Stop, and told him what he would catch, and was answered with, Catch me first. This was not an easy job, for there was a crust upon the snow strong enough to bear the fugitive, but which proved insufficient to sustain the master: his greater weight constantly let him down almost out of sight. Finding force useless, he tried to compromise the matter and coax him back; but Lewis understood the value of compromises better than some others in his native State have since, and kept his advantage and onward course till dusk brought him to think that he was in a tract of woodland of many miles in extent, and no one to guide him out.

"As the thought of getting lost in this wilderness of snow," said Mr. Pease, narrating this adventure, "just as a cold winter night was setting in, came upon me all of a sudden, and I stopped running and began to look about me, I would have retraced my steps; but I would not turn back to meet my angry teacher, who, I was sure, would give me a taste of hemlock; I had rather perish with cold, or trust to the tender mercies of the wildcats. But I had no idea of giving up; I traced with a stick upon the snow the line of road I had left and my own course from it, and calculated the angle which would bring me back near my father's house, and struck out boldly on the course which brought me safe out of the difficulty."

A boy who had none of that peculiar faculty indicated by the organ of Locality, might have perished under similar circumstances. Will, progressiveness, stubbornness, if you please, indicated by several other prominent traits in his phrenological character, all served to aid him in this, as they have, and always will, in other emergencies.

These early developments of character were further exhibited in the fact that at the age of seven to nine he was often intrusted with driving of horses or oxen, making a journey of fifteen or twenty miles from home, and transacting business with ease and confidence, so far as the management of the team was concerned; yet towards mankind, in all his youth, he was extremely timid—bashful. He always preferred a ramble alone into the dark ravines of the hills near his father's house, rather than among the dwellings of men or sports of youth. He would study and understand nature, while he could not comprehend a word of grammar, or the necessity of learning the multiplication-table; and as to a boy taking pleasure in books, or in the study of arithmetic, that was utterly beyond his comprehension. Still he liked to read things that he could understand; the difficulty was, that he found so many words of whose meaning he knew nothing, and no teacher ever thought of giving any explanation; and a dictionary was about the last book to be looked for in a country school-house.

At fifteen, the desire to read and understand grew strong, and he used to gather pine-knots to make a light when candles were scarce or denied him for such an extravagant purpose as reading in the evening, or before daylight in the morning.

Happily his organ of memory is strong, and all he read and understood was never lost. We say memory is strong; yet it may strike those who know him as remarkable, that he never remembers names of persons. This is often the case with those who never forget things or localities.

Ambition is a strong trait in his character. In youth, his whole mind ran upon the idea of becoming a soldier, and every thing that treated of war was read with a gusto. He always felt that he should live to do something, and not die in obscurity. Hence, he felt little fear of death. Once a tree fell and crushed two sap-buckets he had just set down, brushing him in its fall, and yet he felt no fear, for he felt that he was not thus to die. His remark was, "Old fellow, you didn't do it that time." This was in allusion to an idea that the Devil meant to kill him, but why he knew not, as at that time he was as good a friend as the Devil could desire: he never went to Sunday-school or meeting, if he could help it, and never prayed except in a thunder-storm or some emergency.

At the age of seventeen he got caught in a meeting, and to get clear of the minister, he promised that he would pray every day. He kept his promise, but determined not to be caught again in a Methodist meeting; but before he was eighteen, he had become one of the most zealous members. Away went all his plans for a military life, and he began to think that he was better fitted for a preacher than a soldier. In some of his first attempts to "talk in meeting," he got as far as "My dear brethren and sisters, I feel ———," they never knew what, for there he stuck. Then he went into the woods, mounted a stump, fancied every tree an auditor, took a text, and went through the whole ceremony of a meeting, from opening prayer to benediction, to which every tree nodded an approval, and the wind sighed Amen, and Self-esteem said, "Very well done."

To this dumb auditory he practised till, as in other things, practice makes perfect, and then he

tried it before a listening one, and succeeded; and at twenty, he was "the young preacher."

When about eighteen, his father died, and he went out to work on a farm at ten dollars a month to support the family, and at the same time earn enough to assist him in gaining an education, the necessity of which he now saw in a different light from what he did when he ran away from his old friend Angell in the hemlock woods.

After a hard summer's work, he started for Cazenovia with twenty dollars and a coarse suit of homespun, to get an education that would fit him for the new phase of life opening upon him. He hired a room, and found himself often living day after day upon potatoes baked under a small iron basin on top of the stove. When his money was gone, he went to work till he got twenty dollars more, and then came back to his old quarters. The next winter he took a school, and was successful as a teacher.

It was while thus engaged in Clockville, Madison county, N. Y., that he formed an acquaintance with the lady whom he afterwards married.

"Getting religion" had the same effect upon the mind of Mr. Pease that it has upon many who are never taught that religion is love, and that God loves a cheerful spirit.

In 1841, he taught school at Fishkill Landing, where he had a brother who did much to drive the notion out of his mind that he must always wear a sober face, and never anger God with a smile. It is strange how one who has the organ of Mirthfulness so strongly developed could ever school himself to suppress one of the most prominent traits in his nature.

At the age of twenty-five, he joined the New York Conference, with the design of becoming a missionary. The Presiding Elder recommended him to get married, as that would be in his favor in making an application for an appointment; but he found, after it was consummated, that none but unmarried men were wanted. In 1842 he was stationed at Hyde Park, Dutchess Co.; in 1843, at West Taghkanic; in 1844, at Copake, in Columbia Co., which had the reputation of being one of the wickedest places in the world. It was given to drunkenness, horse-racing, gambling, and all its accompaniments. Here his character and power in a work of reform first developed itself. Here he labored for good two years, and accomplished much.

In 1846 he was stationed at Canaan, the birthplace of his father. The next year he was superannuated with "ministers' sore throat," but in the fall went to Lenox, Mass., to fill a vacancy a short time, and remained two years.

During these years spent in this vicinity, he made several visits to New York, and spent much time looking into the abodes of misery among the poor and criminal.

"After his return from these visits," said Mrs. Pease to us, "I used to hear nothing for days but his plans for rescuing those poor creatures, and particularly the children, from their certain fate. 'Oh,' says he, 'if I only had the means, I would go and gather up a hundred of the poor little things, and bring them out here amid the green fields and woods, and make useful men and women of them. Where they are, they must perish; for they are not looked upon as of as much value as dumb brutes!' Night after night, he would lie awake, telling me of the distressing things he had seen in the city, and the good that he could do there, where there are thousands of worse cases than the worst at Copake, when we first went there; and children wandering the streets half-naked, begging, and stealing, and starving, and perishing, body and soul. I used to think, then, that he was wild in his notions, and little thought that I should ever become a resident in the very centre of the wretched locality that he had described."

In May, 1850, he realized the dawn of hope in this direction, for he received an appointment from the Bishop to the destitute poor of New York City, the ladies of the Home Missionary Society undertaking to provide for his salary of $900 a year.

His idea had been, when he first began talking upon the subject of reforming that class of human beings which he had come to labor with, that the most effectual thing would be to provide them with employment—some means by which they could earn bread, so as not to be driven to crime to obtain it—and children must be fed before they can be taught any thing useful in this life or beneficial to them for the next.

He moved to the city in May, and lived in Henry street till August, when he succeeded in getting possession of the house now occupied by him, No. 3 Little Water street, in the very heart of the Five Points, flanked by the Old Brewery, Farlow's Court and Cow Bay, and filled with such inhabitants, in every tenement, as the author of "Hot Corn" has pictured to the world.

"When I came," said Mrs. Pease, "and saw the house we were to occupy, reeking in the filth of its late tenants; almost every door and window broken; and all the adjoining houses filled with just such squalid wretchedness as had lately inhabited this one, my heart sank within me. I knew the perseverance and determination of Mr. Pease, and the power of his indomitable energy, and that when he willed a thing to be done, it was half accomplished; but I could not think that within three years I should see him in possession of this whole row of houses, and all the miserable tenants reformed or dispersed; and the Old Brewery pulled down, and replaced by a structure worthy of a site in Broadway; and such a general renovation of the neighborhood as has taken place, all growing out of the little Sunday-school planted upon the corner of this street."

It is no wonder that she could not see in her mind's eye the fruit that has ripened from that small seed. It is not probable that Mr. Pease saw it himself; though it is owing to that feature in his phrenological character which bids the possessor hope and believe in things which he wills to come to pass, and which he is enabled to accomplish by large Combativeness—not a combat for, but with, sin—aided by the power which Benevolence, Philoprogenitiveness and Ambition give to do good, as he has done in his mission to the heathen—heathen as benighted as any to be found in far-off foreign lands.

CALHOUN MONUMENT.—The Legislature of South Carolina having very wisely refused to erect a monument to the memory of her idol, John C. Calhoun, the ladies of the State have undertaken the task, and we wish them much success. All such things should be done by voluntary contributions

Phrenology.

PRACTICAL PHRENOLOGY.

ITS VALUE.

BY NELSON SIZER.

NUMBER III.

THE Prophet Nathan said to King David, "Thou art the man," and the erring monarch was immediately awakened to the enormity of his transgression. Until then, he had felt totally indifferent respecting his great crime. He listened with eager interest to the prophet's hypothetical case of the man who had robbed one of the King's subjects of his only "little ewe lamb," and his righteous indignation burned vehemently as he said, The man that hath done this shall surely be put to death. Had he not been told "Thou art the man," he would have executed vengeance upon him who had merely stolen a ewe lamb, and felt little if any compunction for his own crimes of adultery and murder.

So clergymen, editors, and authors may preach, write, and print against crime and depravity in general, and people will hear and read for *others*, and be as ready as was the King of Israel to inflict punishment on everybody else for crimes and misdemeanors, without taking any of the reproof *home to themselves*. They have conscience enough to recognize unrighteousness in the abstract, but not enough to balance their self-love and lead them to see themselves as others see them. Clergymen there are, albeit of ability and learning, and a sincere desire to reform mankind, who have preached to a congregation for twenty or forty years, yet the great majority of the people live under the dominion of the selfish propensities, ready, as opportunity offers, if not to steal a "ewe lamb," to commit offences against themselves and society which mar God's image in their own nature, and debase and corrupt the world.

The truth is, precept, to be effectual, must be made *individual* in its application. The trite fact, "all men have sinned," applies to everybody in general and nobody in particular, and the declaration falls dead to the ground: nobody is convicted—nobody is reformed. Direct, personal influence has done more to move and reform the world than all the generalizing, wholesale teaching, multiplied by fifty.

We wish to apply this doctrine to the practical teaching and influence of Phrenology. In our private, professional examinations, we address our words directly to the individual. We tell him his faults "to his teeth," and impress them with all the force of science. He listens for himself, and not for others. "Thou art the man," comes home to him with almost the authority of a divine command. We are permitted to arraign him for his delinquencies, his pride, selfishness, avarice, inordinate ambition, anger, malice, hypocrisy, irreverence, stubbornness, or sensuality; and because we utter our reproofs and urge our criticisms as deductions of science applicable to *himself*, he not only admits their truth, but is not offended, because he knows we do it neither from captiousness, pride, anger nor

selfishness. His minister or his mother would not be permitted to use such language as we may not only use with impunity, but he gives us his thanks and his warmest respect for our plainness.

Another is timid and sensitive to a fault. To such we utter words of encouragement; explain the cause of his timidity and sensitiveness, so that he feels its truth and understands its philosophy. Then we point out the remedy in a manner equally plain, and he often leaves us with a new idea of himself, and confidently sets about a course of successful self-reformation.

Suppose a clergyman's congregation to average five hundred hearers. To these he preaches, publicly, during a lifetime; but his teachings, though truthful in the abstract, and pungently earnest, are listened to by the multitude and acknowledged to be true; but each hears for his neighbor and goes away without special personal benefit, because self-love prevents each individual from applying the truth to himself. He thinks, "It don't mean me." It does not come to him with directness, "Thou art the man," and he becomes impervious to the truth, and hugs his errors till he dies.

Now suppose a practical phrenologist, located in New York, Boston, or Philadelphia, or constantly practising the science as a travelling lecturer, to examine five thousand persons, phrenologically and physiologically, in a year—and this number is not above the mark for a man who is competent to command respect. In these examinations the phrenologist comes in contact with ten times as many people in a year as the average of clergymen; and his hearers change every year, while those of the clergyman remain nearly the same for ten years, which gives the phrenologist a sphere of influence, reckoned by numbers, one hundred times greater than that of the gospel minister. Then add to this, that the teachings of the phrenologist are direct, personal and pointed, on the principle, "Thou art the man;" and we may form some idea of the power for doing good involved in the profession of the practical phrenologist.

To give some idea of the every-day effects of this personal mode of pointing out the defects of men, and the necessary advice for individual reformation, enforced with all the sanctions of science and natural law, involved in the teachings of every true phrenologist, we give from the mass of facts which mark our experience, a few instances of radical reform; reforms, too, of which persons may have read or heard from the pulpit, the press, or the lecturer; but the hints having come to them like shooting at random into a ten-acre forest to kill birds, they have never been benefited by the precepts, because they have never been singled out as the very ones to whom the teachings were applicable.

A few weeks since, a lady of this city came to our office for a written description of character, and we told her that her digestive powers were deranged, her nervous system prostrated; that she needed air, light, a cold bath, and four hours' exercise in the open air daily, and eight hours' sleep. She said she kept herself from light and air, (just as most ladies erroneously do;) dreaded the cold bath, and used it only as a means of cleanliness; that she exercised very little in the open air, and slept but about five hours, and was exceedingly nervous. I told her that she must deny herself one other indulgence, viz., the use of tea and coffee, especially the latter. "Oh dear," said she, "I can't possibly live without it. It is my chief support." I replied, "So says the rum-drinker. His hand trembles, and he drinks to steady it; but, poor man, he is not aware that the trembling is produced by former indulgence. So you feel faint at the pit of the stomach; can hardly take a full breath or hold up your head until you have your strong coffee; and because the faintness and fluttering subside after imbibing it, you suppose it does you good, when, in fact, it originated the symptoms and only temporarily allays them." "If this be true," said she—"and it looks reasonable—I will follow all your directions, and make a thorough reform."

At the end of three or four weeks, she came to our office with a grateful smile and said, "I have undertaken a thorough reform. I take a cold bath every morning; have abandoned coffee and tea; I let the light and air into my rooms, and spend nearly half my time on the streets, walking from three to ten miles in a day; and oh, I cannot tell how much better I feel in all respects: and I assure you, I will send to you fifty of my friends as soon as I can, by words and my improved health, persuade them to come."

I observed that she had acquired a healthy glow in the face, that her voice was more firm, and all her movements full of life and vigor. That which we have described relates only to what we said to her of her health and habits. We gave her much advice relative to her mental nature, and in these respects, she is carrying out our hints with equal success.

Does any one reply, "I cannot command the time to do all this?" I reply, This woman can now do more in half a day than she, with her former feebleness, could do in a whole day; besides, now she performs her domestic duties with pleasure and ease. Health is worth more than housework—nay, it is the foundation alike of work and happiness. As health of brain and body is the basis of all healthy mental action, we seek to impress upon all who are delicate in body, with a large and excitable brain, the importance of obeying the laws of physiology, if they would have either force of mind or pleasurable mental action.

Another case. A merchant from Missouri recently visited us, and had his character written in full. He had a very excitable temperament, and very large Alimentiveness; used tobacco to excess, and indulged in strong coffee, and in brandy occasionally. We warned him against them all, and gave our reasons in full, adding, that their use would shorten his life twenty years, and abridge his happiness fifty per cent. "I believe it," said he, and throwing out his quid, remarked with a force and resolution indicating a deep-seated moral purpose, "I never will take another quid of tobacco, a glass of liquor, or a cup of coffee." And he brought his clenched fist upon his knee, and looked me in the eye, as he added, "And I shall keep my word."

A young man whose head measured twenty-three and a half inches, with a body hardly able to sustain it, came to our office, as one of the fifty promised by our lady friend, as previously mentioned, we suppose, for we learned that she induced him to come. He had talent and a fine education, but he was aimless relative to what he could or would do. His body was not vigorous enough to push his mind to a decision, and he had too much cautiousness to venture out into deep water, without some strong motive or encouragement.

We advised him to become a civil engineer, as he had talents well adapted to the highest success in that pursuit; besides, it would give his body that kind of exercise essential to health—enable him to sustain his brain, and at the same time enable him to use his *mind* in his vocation. In short, it would use mind and body both, promote health, mental activity, and gratify his cravings both for fame and fortune. He now has an *aim*, an object of life, and is laboring earnestly to prepare himself to take the field as an engineer. We shall hear from him again; and when he becomes distinguished, as he doubtless will, we will reveal his name to the readers of the JOURNAL, and refer back to this prediction, and by his success enforce the "VALUE OF PRACTICAL PHRENOLOGY."—[*Branch Phrenological Cabinet, 231 Arch Street, Philadelphia.*

ANALYSIS OF THE ORGANS.

IV. INHABITIVENESS.

"One small spot
Where the tired soul may rest—and call it Home.
There is a magic in that little word:
It is a mystic circle that surrounds
Comforts and blessings never known beyond
The hallowed limit."

THIS organ was discovered by Dr. Spurzheim, who observed it to be large in those animals and persons who seem attached to a particular place. "I consider," says he, "in animals the cerebral part immediately above the organ of Philoprogenitiveness, as the organ of the instinct that prompts them to select a peculiar dwelling, and call it the organ of Inhabitiveness. My attention has been and is still directed to such individuals of the human kind as show a particular disposition in regard to their dwelling-place. Some nations are extremely attached to their country, while others are readily induced to migrate. Some tribes wander about without fixed habitation, while others have a settled home. Mountaineers are commonly much attached to their native soil, and those of them who visit capitals or foreign countries seem chiefly led by the hope of gaining money enough to return home and buy a little property, even though the land should be dearer there than elsewhere."

This organ is situated between Philoprogenitiveness below, and Concentrativeness above; and between the two organs of Adhesiveness which lie on either side and a little below it. It is commonly larger in women than in men, and in civilized than in nomad races. It was supposed by Spurzheim to give a taste for agriculture and country life; but I am inclined to believe that observation has not corroborated this supposition.

Persons who are largely endowed with this organ rarely visit; and then only do so to gratify curiosity, vanity, or friendship; and travelling

they utterly abhor. I know a man in whom this organ is very largely developed; who, though now over fifty years of age, has never been a mile from the city in which he lives and was born, and that too a very small city, whose longest diameter is less than a mile and a half.

Patriotism, or love of country, is one of the results of large Inhabitiveness. I am inclined to believe that one portion of this organ gives love of home, and another portion love of country; and am led to entertain this belief from noticing that one portion of this organ is deficient in Americans who are nevertheless actuated by the most intense patriotism. They are not particularly attached to a local home, as they leave it readily to gratify their insatiable curiosity, avarice, or ambition. We are, in fact, a nation of travellers, whose homes are the boat, the stage, and the car. The more scattered our business, the more we like it. If our business is not removed from our homes, we remove our homes from our business. He is a smart Yankee who contrives to visit home one month in twelve, and highly favored if Heaven permits him to die there during his visit. The coroner and his jury of twelve are generally the chief mourners at his death, and a verdict of "nobody to blame" the earliest and often the only consolation his bereaved family receive.

When this organ is wounded, the result is home-sickness; which is laid down in medical books as a special disease under the name of Nostalgia. In relation to it, Dunglison says, "It is commonly attended by slow wasting, and sometime by hectic, which may speedily induce death. Pinel properly regards it as a variety of melancholy."

Goldsmith speaks in the following lines of the universality of this sentiment, this love of home, which needs but a place which it can call home, irrespective of its merits or demerits, and sighs to be there, and is miserable when away:

"The shuddering tenant of the frigid zone
Boldly proclaims that happiest spot his own,
Extols the treasures of his stormy seas,
And his long nights of revelry and ease;
The naked negro, panting at the Line,
Boasts of his golden sands and palmy wine,
Basks in the glare, or stems the tepid wave,
And thanks his gods for all the good they gave.
Such is the patriot's boast, where'er we roam;
His first, best country ever is at home."

It is worthy of remark that the inhabitants of dreary, desolate, and barren, and of high, bleak, mountainous, and picturesque countries, seem more attached to their native land than those whose homes are in more favored sections of the world. One reason for this may be found in the fact that equality of rights is more general in countries of the former description. Luxury has not, because it cannot, enervate the rich, whom nature thus makes physically the equals of the poor, while these latter seem instinct with a spirit of liberty which the mountain heights of their country are particularly calculated to foster; and their robust constitutions, invigorated by climbing the heights and breathing the pure atmosphere of the everlasting hills, increase this same spirit by heightening the buoyancy and elevating the tone of mind, and giving it that elasticity which perfect health imparts, and in which independence finds those conditions requisite for maintenance and perpetuity.

Goldsmith, in his "Traveller, or Prefect of Society," recognizes this principle while speaking of the Swiss, and concludes that portion of his poem devoted to them with the following beautiful lines:

Thus every good his native wilds impart,
Imprints the patriot passion on his heart;
And e'en those ills that 'round his mansion rise
Enhance the bliss his scanty funds supplies.
Dear is that shed to which that soul conforms,
And dear that hill that lifts him to the storms;
And as a child, when scaring sounds molest,
Clings close and closer to the mother's breast,
So the wild torrent and the whirlwind's roar
But bind him to his native mountains more."

When this and the neighboring domestic organs, together with Intellect and Ideality, are all largely developed, all seek gratification in erecting a costly and elegant mansion, embellished with works of art and enriched by refinement and taste; wherein the father may see his children grow up in the appreciation of the true and beautiful both in nature and art, and wherein the mother's joy in her offspring may be heightened by every evidence of their present comfort and future prosperity. But these are not always the mental elements actuating the erection of costly homes. Vanity and a miserable spirit of rivalry not unfrequently forsake the comforts and the old associations of *home*, for the inconveniences and miseries of a new and fashionable mansion, where the costliness of the establishment mocks the aping manners of its resident parvenues, and gives them an increase of splendor proportioned to the decrease of domestic union and happiness.

There is a touchingly beautiful expression in common use among the poorer classes of society which is seldom heard among the rich. When a child or other relative or friend is dying, the warm tears of affection course down the rugged, and, not unfrequently, care-worn cheeks of the mourners, while they murmur to themselves in consolation, "He is going home." Yes, he *is* going home. Home is not here, where famine gnaws, and cold pinches, and grief breaks the hearts of the loving, the true, and the tried. Home is in heaven, where the glory of the Creator is the life and the light and the raiment of the beatified spirits of the created; where the great family circle of the universe assembles around the throne of heaven and pours out the happy song of praise to the Father of all.

Mother, Home, Heaven! How much of joy and hope and aspiration are contained within those blessed words! The mother renders home heaven, and by her counsels heaven ultimately becomes a home.

At a recent lecture, Dr. Boynton related, that wishing to explain to a little girl the manner in which the lobster casts its shell, when it has outgrown it, he said, "What do you do when you have outgrown your clothes? You throw them aside, don't you."—"Oh, no!" replied the little one; "*we let out the tucks!*"—The Doctor confessed she had the advantage of him there.

Psychology.

AN INTERESTING CASE OF CLAIRVOYANCE.

The authority on which I have the following facts does not permit me for a moment to doubt them. Some few weeks ago, a family removed from New Jersey to Williamsburg, N. Y. They have a son about fourteen years old, who, like many other boys of that age, was somewhat lawless, and was tempted by the allurements of a city life, into which he had thus been suddenly plunged without the precautionary lessons of experience, to assert his independence of parental authority. Our young adventurer, therefore, one day took it into his head to leave the parental roof, and set out on an expedition of sight-seeing and pleasure-seeking, not doubting his ability to elbow his way through the world, unguided and alone. After he had been gone for several days, the parents, unable to gain the slightest intelligence from him, grew deeply anxious for his safety, very reasonably conjecturing that he had met with some mishap, or had probably been drowned. While in this painful state of suspense, they were advised by a friend to consult a clairvoyant, and see if they could not by that means obtain some hint that would lead to his recovery. They accordingly, though with but little faith in the successful issue of the experiment, called upon a person reputed to possess the faculty of inner-sight, and were told that the boy, on the day of his disappearance, had passed out of the back door, climbed over the fence of the back yard, and travelled in the direction of Brooklyn, but that he had *not* gone to New York. The clairvoyant then went on to state some other particulars in relation to the movements of the boy, and said that he was at that moment seated in a foundry reading a newspaper, and thinking about coming home, and that they need give themselves no further uneasiness about him, as he would be home soon.

Accordingly, that same evening, the boy came home. On being asked to describe his general movements since his disappearance, he said, that on the day he left, he went out through the back door, climbed over the yard fence, &c.; and then he went on with a statement of his movements which substantially confirmed the previous declarations of the clairvoyant, with the exception that he said he *had* been to New York, whereas the clairvoyant stated that he had *not* been there. The hour of the consultation with the clairvoyant, that afternoon, having been noted, they asked him where he was at that hour. He said he was sitting in a certain foundry (mentioning the place) reading a newspaper, and that he then and there made up his mind to come home—just as the clairvoyant had stated.

Not long after that, the boy went, one Sunday, with his little sister to Sabbath-school, and did not return with her. Not having yet returned or been heard from, on the next Tuesday evening his father called on a clairvoyant in Madison street, New York, to see if she could give any clue whereby he might find him. The clairvoyant told him that the boy was at that moment in the Bowery Theatre. A few minutes afterwards,

she said that he had now gone out of the theatre in company with some other boys, and that the boys in his company had taken checks at the door, but she did not see him take any. She also added that she saw the other boys, after they got out into the street, attempt to rob him, and she advised the gentleman to go down quickly to the theatre and conceal himself somewhere near the door, and watch, stating that his son would probably soon make his appearance. The gentleman accordingly went to the theatre, and concealed himself from view behind one of those large columns which stand before the door, where he had not long been before he saw his son coming up to the door. He stepped up, and seized him by the arm, and led him away. As they were walking along, he observed that the boy's vest was torn, and asked him how that came so. He answered, that the boys whom he had just been with had attempted to rob him, but did not succeed; but that in the scuffle which ensued, his vest was torn. When the clairvoyant told the gentleman of this attempt to rob his son, he thought that was impossible, as he supposed his son had no money; but now he learned that the boy *had* money, and that this and every other part of the clairvoyant's description was literally true.

Many persons think that all supposed cases of clairvoyance are nothing more than results of a certain law of *sympathy* whereby the knowledge or imaginings of the questioner are conveyed to the magnetic subject, and that there is no independent perception of outstanding facts in the case. It is admitted that transference of thought in this manner does frequently occur; but here are two marked and decided instances (to which hundreds more might be added) in which the facts communicated by the clairvoyant were not known, or in the remotest degree conceived of, by the questioner or any other person present at the time of the examination. If almost any other proposition could be shown to rest on the same amount of evidence that these facts furnish in proof that the human soul, in certain states, has the power of independently perceiving distant occurrences without the aid of the outer senses, the proposition would not be doubted for a moment.

W. F.

VISION CONCERNING THE SAN FRANCISCO.

The following remarkable experience occurred to Mr. C. H. L.*****, of Brooklyn, a gentleman well known in that city, and universally respected by his acquaintances for his intelligence and exemplary character. After the steamer San Francisco had sailed from New York, and at least ten days before the intelligence of her melancholy fate was known in this city, Mr. L., one day, without previously thinking of the vessel, suddenly found himself in a state of inner vision, when the broad sea opened before him, agitated by angry waves, and he saw a ship which he knew to be the San Francisco rolling heavily in the trough of the sea, in a state of imminent peril. He noted particularly the condition of her spars, her deck, and the fatigue, exhaustion, and evident alarm of the men on board; and his description of these particulars was afterwards entirely verified by the accounts published in the newspapers. Among other special points in the general scene which he described was that of a benevolent-looking man who came on deck, and whom he said he distinctly heard address the men in substantially the following words:—"Friends," said he, "we are in great peril, it is true, but take courage, for it is my opinion that we will yet be saved. Even if only a part of us are saved, there will be great cause for thankfulness." These words were pronounced in a tone of entire self-possession and apparent religious trust. It is the only scene in Mr. L.'s vision which has not yet been verified in the history of the wreck as brought back by its survivors; and it is mentioned here that it may be either verified or refuted by those who were aboard the ill-fated ship at the time, and distinctly recollect the scenes which then transpired.

Mr. L. had no personal friends aboard of the vessel, and no pecuniary interest involved in her fate. He had, therefore, no more reason to think of her at that time than he had to think of any other ship at sea. It must, therefore, have been the powerful movings of some interior and unknown agency that could have so marvellously opened his inner sense, at that time, to a perception of the ship's condition; and the whole occurrence cannot fail to afford food for curious speculation to those who are interested in psychological subjects. Mr. L. has experienced curious and truthful interior impressions in other instances.

An experience somewhat resembling the foregoing occurred to another personal acquaintance of the writer, but in that the visionist was evidently wrought upon by a strong personal sympathy and magnetic *rapport*. Its main fact consisted of a perception by my friend (who was then in the British Province of New Brunswick) of the whole scene of the drowning of his brother off Sandy Hook, at the precise hour and moment when, as he afterward learned, the fact actually did occur.

W. F.

Physical Geography.

TERRESTRIAL FORMS.

BEING HINTS TOWARDS THE STUDY OF PHYSICAL GEOGRAPHY.

SECOND ARTICLE.

OUTLINES OF THE CONTINENTS.

The lines representing upon our maps the contact of land and water, and marking the forms of continents, islands, oceans, etc., with all their sinuosities, seem, at the first glance, entirely irregular and accidental; but careful study reveals striking resemblances, and shows that a common law must have presided over their formation. Let us direct our attention for a moment to a few of these analogies of outline.

1. A glance at the map published in our March number, or at any map of the world, will serve to show the reader that all the continents and important peninsulas expand and come together at the north, narrowing down to a point at the south. See, for instance, Greenland, California, Florida, Spain, Italy, Corea, and Kamtschatka, as well as the principal masses of the continents to which they belong.

2. The southern points of all the continents are high and rocky, seeming to be the abrupt terminations of mountain chains, coming from the far interior.

3. The continents have on the east of their southern extremities, a large island or a group of islands. America has the Falkland Islands; Africa, Madagascar and the volcanic islands which surround it; Asia has Ceylon, and Australia the two great islands of New Zealand.

4. Another peculiarity of configuration common to the southern portions of all the continents, is a deep bend of their western side inwards.

THE GROUPING OF THE LANDS.

Steffens, who pushed the study of geographical analogies farther than most others, directs our attention to the fact that the continents are grouped two by two, in three double worlds, the two component parts of which are united by an isthmus or a chain of islands; and that on one side of the isthmus is an archipelago, and on the other a peninsula.

"The purest type of this grouping of the continents," says Guyot, referring to the analogies brought to view by Steffens and briefly stated in the preceding paragraph, "is America. Its two halves, North America and South America, are nearly equal in size, and similar in form; they form, so to speak, an equilibrium. The isthmus which unites them is long and narrow. The archipelago on the east, that of the Antilles, is considerable; the peninsula on the west, California, without being greatly extended, is clearly outlined.

"The two other double worlds are less regular, less symmetrical. First the component continents are of unequal size; then the two northern continents are united, and, as it were, joined back to back. Steffens divides them by a line passing through the Caucasus, and coming out upon the Persian Gulf. He thus recombines with Europe a part of Western Asia and Arabia, and gives Africa for its corresponding continent. They are united by the Isthmus of Suez, the shortest and most northern of all. The peninsula found on the east is Arabia, which is of considerable size; the archipelago on the west is that of Greece, which is comparatively of small importance.

"This relation is evidently a forced one. But it seems to me that it would be easy to reëstablish the analogy, so far as the irregularity of structure in the European continent permits, by considering Italy and Sicily, which almost touch Africa by Cape Bon, as the true isthmus. The archipelago is then found on the east, according to the rule, and the peninsula, Spain, on the west.

"The third double world, Asia-Australia, is more normal; it approaches nearer the type. The isthmus which unites them is broken, it is true. But that long, continuous chain of islands, stretching without deviation from the peninsula of Malacca, by Sumatra, Java, and the other islands of the Sonde, to New Holland, offers so striking an analogy and parallelism to the isthmus which unites the two Americas, that, before Steffens, Ebel and Lamark had already pointed it out. The great archipelago of Borneo, Celebes,

and of the Moluccas, corresponds to that of the Antilles; the peninsula of India, to California.

"Here the disproportion between the two continents, as to their extent, is pushed to the extreme. Asia-Australia presents the union of the greatest and the smallest of the terrestrial masses.

"These three double worlds exhaust the possible combinations of relations between their component continents. In America, that of the north and that of the south are equal in form and in power; there is a symmetry. In the two others they are unequal. In Europe-Africa, the northern continent is the smallest. In Asia-Australia, it is the continent of the south."

But the most important groupings of the terrestrial masses are seen in the commonly-recognized divisions of the earth into the Old World and the New World. Looking at these two grand divisions—these great groups of continents—we are struck by their differences rather than by their resemblances. These differences, which pertain to other particulars than merely their horizontal outlines, have a direct and important bearing upon the history and destinies of the human race, as we shall see as we proceed.

THE OLD WORLD AND THE NEW WORLD.

The direction of their greatest extension is the inverse in the two worlds. The principal mass of the ancient world, Asia-Europe, stretches from east to west over one half of the circumference of the globe; while its width is vastly less, and occupies, even in Asia, only a part of the space which separates the equator from the pole. In Europe it is not equal to the sixth part of the earth's circumference. In America, on the contrary, the greatest length extends from the north to the south. It embraces more than one third of the circumference of the globe, and its width, which is very variable, never exceeds a fifth of this amount.

The most remarkable consequence of this arrangement is, that Asia-Europe extends through similar climatic zones, while America traverses nearly all the climatic zones of the earth, and presents in this relation a much greater variety of phenomena.—*Earth and Man*, p. 44.

We may mention in connection with the foregoing facts, another striking point of contrast between the eastern and western land-groups, to which Buffon was the first to call attention, namely: that the principal mountain chains of the Old World extend from east to west, following the direction of the parallels, while those of the New World lie along the lines of the meridians. We shall see, in the course of our studies, the bearing of this fact upon climate and upon the destinies of man.

FORMS OF CONTOUR.

The most important of these geographical relations of configuration—that which Ritter was the first to bring prominently forward, and the whole value of which he has explained with rare felicity—is the difference existing between the different continents with regard to the extension of the line of their contours. Some are deeply indented, furnished with peninsulas, gulfs, inland seas, which give to the line of their coasts a great length. Others present a mass more compact, more undivided; their trunk is, as it were, deprived of members, and the line of the coasts, simple and without numerous inflections, is comparatively much shorter.

Considered under this aspect, the three principal continents of the Old World form a remarkable contrast.

Africa is far the most simple in its forms. Its mass, nearly round or ellipsoidal, is concentrated upon itself. It thrusts into the ocean no important peninsula, nor anywhere lets into its bosom the waters of the sea. It seems to close itself against every influence from without. Thus the extension of the line of its coasts is only 14,000 geographical miles, of 60 to the degree, for a surface of 8,720,000 square miles; so that Africa has only one mile of coast for 623 miles of surface.

Asia, although bathed on three sides only by the ocean, is rich, especially on its eastern and southern coasts, in large peninsulas, as Arabia and the two Indies, Corea, Kamtschatka. Whole countries push out into the ocean, as Mandchouria and China. Nevertheless, the extent of this continent is such, that, in spite of the depth of the indentations, there yet remains at its centre a greatly preponderating mass of undivided land, which commands the maritime regions as the body commands the limbs. Asia is indebted to this configuration for a line of coast of 30,800 miles; it is double that of Africa, which is, nevertheless, only one third smaller. Asia, therefore, possesses a mile of coast to 459 square miles of surface.

Of all the continents, Europe is the one whose forms of contour are most varied. Its principal mass is deeply cut in all parts by the ocean and by inland seas, and seems almost on the point of resolving itself into peninsulas. These peninsulas themselves, as Greece, Scandinavia, repeat to infinity the phenomena of articulation and indentation of coasts, which are characteristic of the entire continent. The inland seas and the portions of the ocean its outer limits enclose, form nearly half of its surface. The line of its shores is thus carried to the extent of 17,200 miles, an enormous proportion compared with its small size; for it is 3,200 miles more than Africa, which is nevertheless three times greater. Europe enjoys one mile of coast for every 156 square miles of surface. Thus it is the continent most open to the sea for foreign connections, at the same time that it is the most individualized, and the richest in local and independent districts.

In this regard there is, as we see, a sensible gradation between the three principal continents of the Old World. Africa is the most simple; it is a body without members, a tree without branches. Asia is a mighty trunk, the numerous members of which, however, make only a fifth of its mass. In Europe, the members overrule the principal body; the branches cover the trunk; the peninsulas form almost a third of its entire surface. Africa is closed to the ocean; Asia opens only its margins; Europe surrenders to it entirely, and is the most accessible of all the continents.

America repeats the same contrasts, although in a less decided manner. North America, like Europe, is more indented than South America, the configuration of which, in the exterior at least, reminds us of the forms of Africa, and the uniformity of its contours. The two continents of the New World are more alike. Nevertheless, the line of the shores is much more extended in North than South America. It is 24,000 miles in the former, or one mile of coast to 228 square miles of surface; in the latter, it is 13,600 miles, or a mile of coast for 376 miles of surface.—*Earth and Man*, pp. 44–47.

In a future article we shall endeavor to show, or at least to hint at, the connection between these and other physical facts, and the movements and development of the race.

DEATH OF THOMAS NOON TALFOURD.—The death of Mr. Justice Talfourd is announced. The conspicuous place he has filled in English literature has made him well known in this country, where his loss will be deeply regretted. We may point to him as one who with professional industry sufficient to justify his elevation to the Bench combined considerable genius, a fine taste, and a real love of literature. He was a man also of sterling character and kind heart. His death was sudden, happening on the bench itself, and in the midst of a charge to a grand jury.

Natural History.

BIRDS.

We find in our copy-drawer a number of items, cut at various times from sundry newspapers, relating to birds. Out of these, with the addition of a few words of our own, an extract or two, perhaps, from some work on natural history, and a number of beautiful wood-cuts, we now propose to make up a very miscellaneous, but at the same time a very interesting article. We hope it will serve as a not altogether unsuccessful *plea* for the feathered "poets of the woods."

THE SKY-LARK.—AN EXPERIMENT.—The *Montgomery Watchman*, published at Norristown, Pa., had some time last summer the following paragraph:

An experiment has been tried by a gentleman of Delaware to introduce the sky-lark into this country. A small colony, of forty-two in number, was imported by him a short time since from England, and turned loose upon the farm of Mr. Samuel Canby, about four miles from Wilmington. They somewhat resemble the reed-bird of our marshes—the upper part of the breast being more spotted, and the lower part of a pale dingy yellow. It is said to expose two white feathers when on the wing, and seldom perch upon trees. It is to be hoped that sportsmen will not molest them, but allow them to increase and take a place among our feathered songsters. GETZ, of the *Reading Gazette*, says that a gentleman near that city observed, a few days since, three birds whose song and plumage were entirely strange, and which answered the above description. From this we would suppose that they have become widely scattered throughout the country, and will not likely confine themselves to the particular locality in which they were at first set at liberty. Should any of them take up their residence among the farmers of old Montgomery, we should like to be acquainted of the fact.

The sky-lark is thus described:

This delightful songster, the most harmonious of the whole family, is universally diffused throughout Europe, and is everywhere extremely prolific. It is about seven inches in length: bill dusky, the base of the under mandible yellowish: the feathers on the top of the head are dusky, edged with rufous brown; they are rather elongated, and may be set up as a crest: the plumage on the upper part of the body is reddish-brown, with the middle darkest, and the edges rather pale: the upper part of the breast is yellow, spotted with black; and the the lower part of the body is a pale yellow. The tail is dusky brown; legs dusky; claws dusky; the hind one being very long, straight, and strong. The male is of a deeper color, and larger than the female; and is further distinguished by having the hind claw

longer. The species is subject, however, to considerable variety; and has even been found of a pure white color. The sky-lark commences his song early in the spring, continuing it during the whole summer, and is one of the few birds that chant whilst on the wing. When it first rises from the earth, its notes are feeble and interrupted: as it ascends, however, they gradually swell to their full tone, and long after the bird has reached a height where it is lost to the eye, it still continues to charm the ear with its melody. It mounts almost perpendicularly, and by successive springs, and descends in an oblique direction, unless when threatened with danger, when it drops like a stone. The female forms her nest on the ground, beneath some turf, which serves at once to hide and shelter it; sometimes in the cornfields; and, at others, in various sorts of pasturage. She lays four or five dirty-white eggs, blotched and spotted with brown; and she generally produces two broods in a year. These prolific birds are granivorous; they are most abundant in the more open and highest cultivated situations abounding in corn, being but seldom seen in extensive moors at a distance from arable land. In winter they assemble in vast flocks, grow very fat, and are taken in great numbers for the table.

We hope the experiment mentioned by the *Watchman* has proved successful, and that the delightful songsters here described will soon become diffused throughout the country. Who can give us any information in regard to the colony of sky-larks?

The Mocking-Bird.—This capricious little mimic is common throughout a large portion of North America, as well as in several of the West India islands. It cannot, indeed, vie with the feathered inhabitants of those countries in brilliancy of plumage; but it can lay claim to much more rare and attractive characteristics. It possesses not only natural notes of its own which are truly musical and solemn, but it can, at pleasure, assume the tone of every other animal in the forest, from the humming-bird to the eagle, and descending even to the wolf or the raven. One of them, confined in a cage, has been heard to mimic the mewing of the cat, the chattering of the magpie, and the creaking of the hinges of a sign-post in a high wind.

The mocking bird seems to have a pleasure in leading other birds astray. He is said at one time to allure the smaller birds with the call of their mates, and, when they come, to terrify them with the scream of an eagle. There is scarcely a bird of the forest that is not, at times, deceived by his call.

He frequents the dwellings of farmers; and, when sitting on a roof or chimney, he sometimes pours forth the most sweet and varied notes imaginable. The Mexicans, on account of his varied notes and his imitative powers, call him "The bird of four hundred tongues." In the warm parts of America, he sings incessantly from March to August, both day and night, beginning with his own compositions, and frequently borrowing from those of the whole feathered choir. He repeats his tunes with such perfect sweetness as to excite both pleasure and surprise.

The gifted and lamented Richard Henry Wilde thus celebrates this bird in an exquisite sonnet:

THE MOCKING-BIRD.

Winged mimic of the woods! thou motley fool!
Who shall thy gay buffoonery describe?
Thine ever-ready notes of ridicule
Pursue thy fellows still with jest and gibe;
Wit, sophist, songster, Yorick of thy tribe,
Thou sportive satirist of nature's school;
To thee the palm of scoffing we ascribe,
Arch-mocker and mad Abbot of Misrule!
For such thou art by day—and all night long
Thou pourest a soft, sweet, pensive, solemn strain,
As if thou didst in this thy moonlight song
Like to the melancholy Jacques complain,
Musing on falsehood, folly, vice and wrong,
And sighing for thy motley coat again.

The Bobolink.—Everybody knows this famous little bird, but some by one designation and some by another, for, like some unfeathered bipeds of questionable character, he bears different names in different countries and States. In New England and New York he is known as the bobolink; in Pennsylvania as the reed-bird; in South Carolina and Georgia as the rice-bird, or rice-bunting; in Louisiana as the meadow-bird; and in Jamaica as the butter-bird. By what appellation he is called in Mexico, Cuba and South America, where also he is well known, we cannot tell.

One of the most remarkable phenomena connected with the bobolink is the annual change of color of the male. This change commences in June, and goes on gradually, assimilating his appearance to that of the female, till before the beginning of August they can hardly be distinguished one from the other. All the young birds, also, at this time wear the same dress.

So different in appearance are these birds from what they were in the spring, that thousands of people in Pennsylvania, according to Wilson, persist in believing them a distinct species, while others allow them to be the same, but confidently assert that they are all females—none of the males, according to them, returning in the fall. What becomes of the males, they are utterly at a loss to conceive. This change of color is well understood in the States farther north, where it goes on under the eyes of every observer of nature's wonderful phenomena.

But our main purpose in mentioning the bobolink was to introduce the following narration of a touching little incident. We do not know

where it originally appeared, or we would gladly give due credit. It is good, and needs no comment. Boys, read it! He "couldn't, cos he *sung* so!" Could you, my dear young readers?

Couldn't! cos he sung so!—Leaning idly over a fence, a few days since, we noticed a little four-year-old "lord of the creation" amusing himself in the grass by watching the frolicsome flight of birds which were playing around him. At length a beautiful bobolink perched himself on a drooping bough of an apple tree which extended to within a few yards of the place where the urchin sat, and maintained his position, apparently unconscious of the close proximity to one whom birds usually consider a dangerous neighbor.

The boy seemed astonished at his impudence, and, after regarding him steadily for a minute or two, obeying the instinct of his baser part, he picked up a stone lying at his feet, and was preparing to throw it, steadying himself carefully for a good aim. The little arm was reached backward without alarming the bird, and "Bob" was "within an ace" of damage, when lo! his throat swelled, and forth came Nature's plea: "a-link—a-link—a-l-i-n-k—bob-o-link, bob-o-link, a-no-weet—a-no-weet! I know it—I know it! a-link—a-link! don't throw it!—throw it, throw it," &c., &c.; and he didn't! Slowly the little arm subsided to its natural position, and the now despised stone dropped. The minstrel charmed the murderer! We heard the songster through, and watched his unharmed flight, as did the boy, with a sorrowful countenance. Anxious to hear an expression of the little fellow's feelings, we approached him, and inquired:

"Why didn't you stone him, my boy? you might have killed him and carried him home."

The poor little fellow looked up doubtingly, as though he suspected our meaning, and with an expression, half shame and half sorrow, he replied:

"*Couldn't! cos he* SUNG *so.*"

Who will say that our nature is *wholly* depraved, after that? or aver that "music hath *no* charms to soothe the savage breast?" Melody awakened Humanity, and Humanity, Mercy! the angels who sang at the Creation, whispered to the child's heart. The bird was saved, and God was glorified by the deed. Dear little boys! don't stone the birds.

Brownson.—Dr. O. A. Brownson has been invited by Rev. Dr. Newman, President of the Irish University, to fill one of the principal chairs in the new institution.

New York,

MAY, 1854.

THIS IS TRUTH, though opposed to the PHILOSOPHY OF AGES.—GALL.
Truly, I see, he that will but stand to the TRUTH, it will carry him out.—GEORGE FOX.

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WE have had the good fortune to procure a central, accessible, convenient, and every way desirable location for our PHRENOLOGICAL MUSEUM, EXAMINING ROOMS, and PUBLICATION OFFICE.

As previously stated, our establishment is but a few minutes' walk from our old stand in Nassau street, and but two blocks above the Park, four blocks below Canal street, mid-way between Bowling Green and Union Square, and *nearly opposite* the *New York Hospital*, No. 308 Broadway.

The upper part of the building is occupied by Mr. EDWARD ANTHONY, as the *National Daguerrean Depot*, where American and European daguerrean materials are furnished at wholesale to the trade.

Country friends and patrons can easily find us, while thousands of our own citizens daily pass our door.

We have nearly twice as much room in our new premises as in old Clinton Hall. This will enable us to arrange for exhibition our numerous Cabinet Specimens of the BUSTS of distinguished persons and notorious characters, and SKULLS from all civilized nations, and from many tribes of Indians, together with those of rare animals, affording marked contrasts and the most interesting study.

We shall, as heretofore, continue to furnish all reformatory, educational, and scientific works published in Europe or America; also, manikins, skeletons, anatomical and other drawings for schools, colleges, and lecturers. Our address is now as follows:

FOWLERS AND WELLS,
308 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

A NEW VOLUME!—One more number will complete volume Nineteen of the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL. Volume TWENTY will commence with the July number. We still have on hand a few back numbers to complete sets of the present volume, commencing with January, 1854, which will be sent to subscribers at the usual rates, namely: Single copies, $1 a year; Clubs of Twenty, $10 a year. Those whose subscriptions expire with the June number may renew at once, if they wish the Journal continued. Please address the Publishers, as follows:

FOWLERS AND WELLS,
308 Broadway, New York.

CRANIOLOGY
IN THE UNITED STATES.

FROM THE NEW YORK EVENING POST.*

WE advise all our readers who have the impression that the science of Phrenology is in a declining state, to visit the establishment of Messrs. FOWLERS AND WELLS, New York, where they will probably see cause to change their views as to the extent and influence of its operations. The rooms occupied by these gentlemen are three. In one apartment their assistants are constantly employed in preparing bundles and boxes, to supply the immense demand for their publications from all quarters of the country. To give an idea of the vastness of this publishing business, it is only necessary to state the aggregate number of pages of works disseminating their doctrines, issued by them during the past year, amounting to 113,771,100; and the circulation of their serial works, all more or less sustaining the claim of Phrenology, is 125,000. The names of these periodicals, with their respective circulations, are as follows:

The "Illustrated Phrenological Journal," 50,000; the "Water-Cure Journal," 56,000; the "Universal Phonographer," 2,000; the "Hydropathic Quarterly Review," 5,000; the "Student," an illustrated family magazine, 12,000. Their long list of other works comprises the productions of George and Andrew Combe, the Fowlers, Drs. Trall, Shew, and others, on the various branches of what may be termed the science of human life. All of them are, we believe, of unexceptionable moral tendency, and some may claim great practical value, presenting, as they do, the latest and most advanced ideas on the subjects under discussion, though sometimes in that crude, "questionable shape" which such ideas are wont to assume on their first appearance. These books are by various agencies very widely scattered, and often in regions where one would least expect to find them. They form a part, often, of the small library of the farmer, in villages the most remote and out of the reach of city influence; and the traveller in these "rural districts" is frequently surprised by the curiosity and abstruse speculations of the inhabitants on matters which, in the excitement and hurry of town life, had wholly escaped his observation.

Another apartment of Fowlers and Wells's establishment is taken up with the Museum or Cabinet, a sort of Golgotha, containing the skulls of all tribes and nations of men and of inferior animals, together with a number of Egyptian mummies, amounting, all told, to two thousand specimens. Additions are also constantly made by sea-captains and travellers from distant lands, and the student of nature can hardly spend a more profitable hour in our city than in surveying this singular collection. Here may be seen accurate busts of the men and women who have most distinguished themselves in the several departments of human exertion.

On these shelves, cheek by jowl, are the illustrious statesmen, orators, poets, generals, philanthropists, pirates, robbers, murderers, naturalists, and natural fools; men with the ponderous brain of a Cuvier or a Webster, and men born literally without any brains at all. Messrs. Fowlers and Wells have similar cabinets in their establishments at Boston and Philadelphia.

In the rear of the museum is the office for phrenological examinations, where not uncommonly thirty or forty individuals a day submit their heads to the manipulations of one of the partners; and we have never known an instance where their descriptions, derived from this source, failed to correspond with the character of the subject under examination. In this part of their labors, the Fowlers have no lack of occupation. The parent brings his children here, desirous of knowing accurately the nature of their faculties and the business in life best fitted for their exercise; merchants and leading business men frequently procure an examination of those to whom they are about to commit some important trust, in order to ascertain whether the strength and steadiness of their moral principles be adequate to resist the temptations to which their new situation may be exposed. The annual examinations in the New York office, by the Fowlers, amount to several thousand; those in the Boston and Philadelphia offices to as many more, while those performed at their lectures in the country towns, of which they deliver three hundred or more per annum, reach the number of eight or ten thousand, making in all not less than eighteen or twenty thousand a year.

Dr. Gall, who was born at Vienna in 1758, was the founder of Phrenology, and was the first to discover that the brain consists of many distinct portions or organs, to each of which some faculty of the mind corresponds. He lectured in 1807 at Paris and London on the new science, to which he gave its customary name, signifying the science of the mind, and died in 1828, but not before Spurzheim had embraced his views and communicated them to the two distinguished brothers, George and Andrew Combe, of Edinburgh, the latter of whom was Spurzheim's medical pupil at Paris. Whatever may be one's impressions as to the truth of Phrenology, the adoption of it by two men so eminent for scientific attainments and ability as the Combes, must always command for it a respectful consideration by enlightened and fair-minded persons. Spurzheim lectured in this country, with great effect, in August, 1832, and died here in November of the same year. O. S. Fowler, then a student at Amherst College, became so interested in the doctrines advocated by Spurzheim, that, in 1833, he followed his example of delivering public addresses on them; and in 1835, with his brother, L. N. Fowler, opened an office in New York. Subsequently they have devoted themselves to lecturing and phrenological examinations, until the year 1844, when, by the fortunate addition of Mr. S. R. Wells to the firm, they were led to undertake the immense and lucrative publishing business of which we have already given some account. This and other establishments of the same kind in our large cities are the radiating centres of influence, whose extent it is difficult to estimate. They are the chosen head-quarters of enthusiastic reformers and believers in an "all-hail hereafter;" men with whose opinions we frequently have occasion to differ, yet whom it is impossible not to wish well. Some there are who, from apprehensions for the stability of the old order of things, look upon their audacious speculations with

* Sept. 28th, 1853.

mingled detestation and terror. We have no such feelings. We know the sincerity of the men, and cannot believe that any researches, prompted by an honest purpose, can ultimately prove other than beneficial to the interests of virtue and the welfare of the race.

WOMAN AND GARDENING.

THAT every human being, to possess health, and manifest the human functions of mind and body in any thing like their full power, *must* have muscle-invigorating EXERCISE, is a physiological matter of fact. All who neglect to take it are punished with weakness and torpor of both body and mind, an indefinable feeling of misery and wretchedness, are soon oppressed by disease, decline and die prematurely, and fail in the attainment of every great end of life. And the *amount* of muscular exertion required by every human being, in order to the fullest development of all his powers of body and mind, is great—far, very far, beyond what is usually taken. That laborers sometimes work beyond their strength, is admitted, yet the great majority at least of most of those who remain mostly within-doors, do not take even one-tenth part enough. And thousands who practise water-cure, eat simple food, and fulfil the other physiological laws, yet err fundamentally in not taking any thing like enough exercise. Yet to dwell on the almost infinite importance of exercise, or on its almost universal deficiency, is not our present purpose, but oh how *woman* can obtain it.

That woman requires it as well as man, is perfectly obvious. Not to take it, is as fatal to her as him. And nearly all American women are almost spoiled for want of it. Infinitely better for the race that, like Tartar and Circassian women, they should do even all the out-door work, than take no exercise, as too many now do. Especially, better that, like German women, they work in the field, than shut themselves up in-doors like most American women. This female inertness is one of our greatest evils, and the source of many more. See how miserable physically—how sickly, poor, feeble, wretched and nervous, is almost every American woman. Confined in school at the period when nature establishes the muscles, they become disciplined into a tame, inactive state. Of course their children inherit this muscular inertness, and are lazy *by nature*. Nor can a woman who takes little exercise possibly bear strongly-organized children.

A muscular body is indispensable to a vigorous brain and an impressive mind. The mental powers and stamina of our nation are fast waning, because our women take almost no real muscle-developing exercise. Even those who do keep house, get but the merest moiety of real exercise in cooking dinner, washing dishes, &c., and get their washing — about the only work that gives real exercise—done by an Irish servant or widowed neighbor; thereby robbing themselves. Behold how very small, and still more lax, the muscles of even our working-women. See how few have an arm not ridiculously small or shamefully flabbid. How could they be otherwise, considering their muscular "shiftlessness?"

Yet this is said, not in reproach, but to *remove* the evil. They are not to blame. Chained within-doors, and restrained from work by a false custom absolutely tyrannical, they deserve rather pity than censure. Society considers it unpardonably vulgar for a woman to do any thing but needle-work. Whoever washes is unfashionable. And here men are most in fault. They have paid a matrimonial *premium* on those "ladies" too genteel to do any thing but sit at the piano or at needle-work. And a blighting curse is coming over the *race* itself, as the fearful penalty. Half our children dying before five years old! Some monstrous errors somewhere! And the other half barely capable of being raised, even with the utmost care, and hardly worth the raising then, because, like mother, so "delicate." Out upon this anti-working slaughter-machine! It is time sensible women, and especially *physiological* women, despised and defied this anti-working custom. It is time that invalids resorted to the *working*-cure—the most effectual of all. A western institution has become most celebrated for effecting astonishing cures of bed-ridden and invalid women. Yet no medicine is used, not even water. The *entire* reliance is on *exercise*. Not even diet is regarded. Only *exercise*, EXERCISE, EXERCISE! How much more, then, if all were employed! To this exercise-cure alone, the most obstinate and chronic complaints and weaknesses of the sex yield. Women disabled for years, go home well! Cured by exercise *alone*. That same exercise, taken at home, would cure as effectually. Taken before they become disabled, it would have *kept* them well. American women, make up your minds to take many times more exercise hereafter than now, or else to linger on in ennui, in nervousness, in pain, unloving, unlovely, and crippled and corrupted by paralyzing and disgusting diseases. Preaching woman's rights till doomsday will do little good, till woman's *exercise* is preached and practised. Not that we object to the former, but *insist* on the *latter*. Exercise or suffer. Work or *die*, is nature's stern decree. Choose which.

"We know all this. We feel this yawning inanity, this listless care-for-nothing consequent on our do-nothing life. We feel all these evils, but how can we avoid them? If we work in-doors it does us little real good, and often damage, because it consumes energies without fresh air to replace them, thus leaving us all the worse. If we work in the cotton-mill, bindery, printing office, or any in-door work, see how sallow and poor we become! If we don't work, we die. And if we do work, we are hardly better off. Can you point out a deliverance from this ruinous dilemma?"

We can. WORK IN THE GARDEN. Of its propriety, is there a shadow of doubt? Did not La Fayette, on visiting the mother of Washington, find her *at work* in her garden, not merely sauntering through it? If a woman, mother or daughter, chooses to plant out and tend a flower-bed, using spade and hoe, who, man or woman, would doubt its propriety? Who would not even *commend* instead of condemning?

Or suppose she should dig up with spade, set out, hoe, weed, and pick a strawberry-bed; who would not consider it as intrinsically proper as making shirts? Picking strawberries is now deemed a proper occupation of women. Then why not all other berries? Why not all fruits? Women sell them in cities. Then may not women cultivate them in the country? It would seem a *natural* business for woman. I recently saw a score of men and women promiscuously picking Antwerp raspberries. The sight was pleasant. No one who allows that woman may do any thing, but admits woman may pick berries.

And if pick, why not also *tend*? Why not tie vines to their stakes, weed, hoe and water? A widow whose husband had left a nursery on her hands, said she intended to get her living by cultivating berries for market, and the self-sustaining occupation struck me as peculiarly appropriate, both on the score of health and an honorable avocation. To me it seems consonant with the female character, for her to provide and prepare delicate and palatable dainties and table-luxuries. By common consent she makes our pies, tarts, and preserves. Then why not set out, tend, and prepare that most dainty of dishes, strawberries and cream?

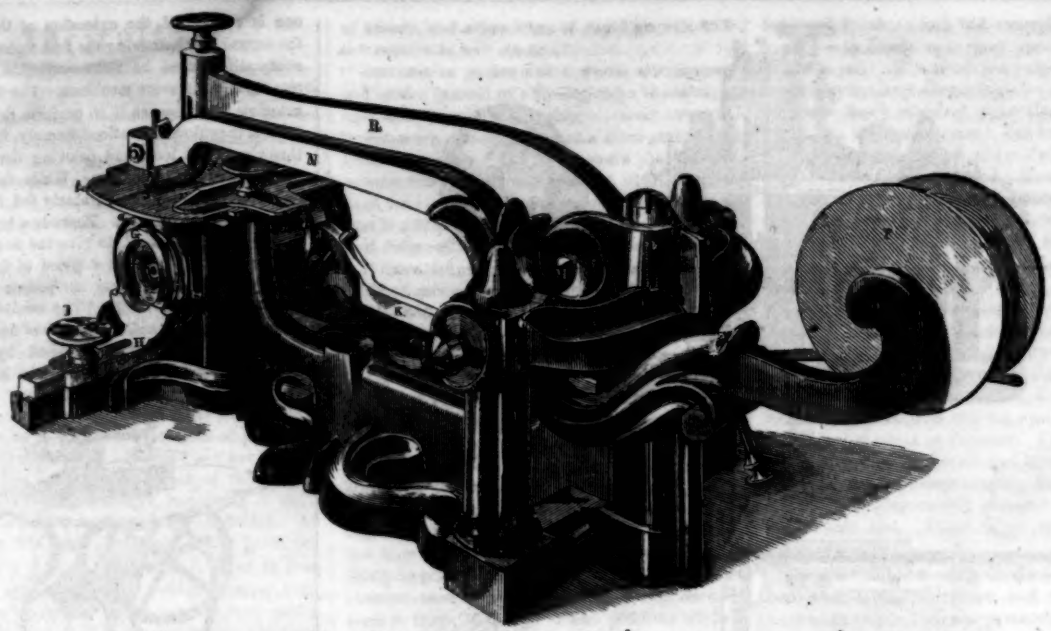
And this berry culture is very lucrative. A woman can surely tend a half acre, and this will give her at least hundreds of dollars. In what could she earn as much with as little labor? The red Antwerp, well tended, has, for several years, yielded $700 to $800 per acre. Strawberries often do this. Other fruits are almost equally lucrative. As a branch of female industry, what could be better?

And why not also the raising of vegetables proper for woman? Would the most refined woman necessarily violate any human function by sowing beds of onions, beets, or parsnips, or weeding or gathering them? In Connecticut, the Wethersfield girls sow, and weed, and gather ship-loads of onions. And would adding squashes, tomatoes, and potatoes, be improper? Let husband and sons do up the heavier farm work, while mother and daughter plant and tend the vegetable and fruit garden. This will give them that exercise for lack of which they are now so weakly or sickly, so nervous, so discontented, so cross.

Exercise, to be profitable, must be *pleasurable*. And how *pleasurable* the nurture of growing vegetables and trees! How really luxurious to eat of the products of our *own* toil? That same faculty which delights to see children improve under our tutorage, also delights us to see animals and plants grow under our culture. Woman has this feeling stronger than man. Let this be nature's warrant for her exercise of it on flowers, vegetables, berries, and trees.

Besides, *out-door* is pleasant, is healthy. Yet far less so when there is nothing out-door we specially *love*. But you plant a seed. This fast begets in you a *love* for it. This love draws you out to nurture it, and this *pleasurable* exercise of muscle is beneficial.

Woman, catechise the inner recesses of your own soul. Consult your interior instincts. Has man more innate horticultural *instinct* than woman? Has he as much? Do you not naturally *love* horticulture? Is this not a latent natural propension? Then exercise it. You *feel* its workings. Obey them. Try the experiment. Fix, or have fixed, for your special cultivation, a few square rods of soil. Plant it yourself. Keep



WILSON'S SEWING MACHINE. (FIGURE 1.)

down all weeds; water it with the slops of your chambers and kitchen. Try its effects on your health, and especially *spirits*. See how it will rouse your powers to new life. See how much better it will render both digestion and sleep, and all your other functions.

Above all, how much more brisk, bright and healthy will it render your prospective children! Cultivating your own muscles, will impart muscle to them, and thus render their brains strong, and their minds active. I know no form of exercise as healthful or as good every way, as *hoeing*. Every stroke and scrape gives action to the abdominal muscles, and this to the stomach, liver, alimentary canal, and all the visceral organs, and, judiciously taken, has no equal in improving and curing the organs of your sex, and thereby clothing you with womanly beauties and characteristics. Only try it, and words will not enable you to describe its benefits. It will regenerate you physically in one year. And mentally, because physically. And affectionally likewise, by rendering you so much more lovely and loving, because so much more healthy and happy.

Husbands, fathers, to you nature appeals to incite and sustain them in this reform. It will bless you and your unborn children more even than her. It will obviate human ills and miseries by *wholesale*, by nullifying their cause. Try the experiment, and next fall report the result.

MAMMOTH SHIPS.—Mr. Donald McKay, of East Boston, has now on the stocks, nearly ready for launching, a beautiful clipper-ship of 3,000 tons, having three decks, and being diagonally cross-braced with iron. He has also in frame a clipper-ship of 4,000 tons, which will stow more cargo than the *Great Republic* would have done. He has also on the stocks a packet-ship of 1,500 tons, and is making preparations to build four packet ships of 2,200 tons each, all of which are to be finished in ten months. The aggregate size of all these ships will be 17,300 tons.

Mechanics.

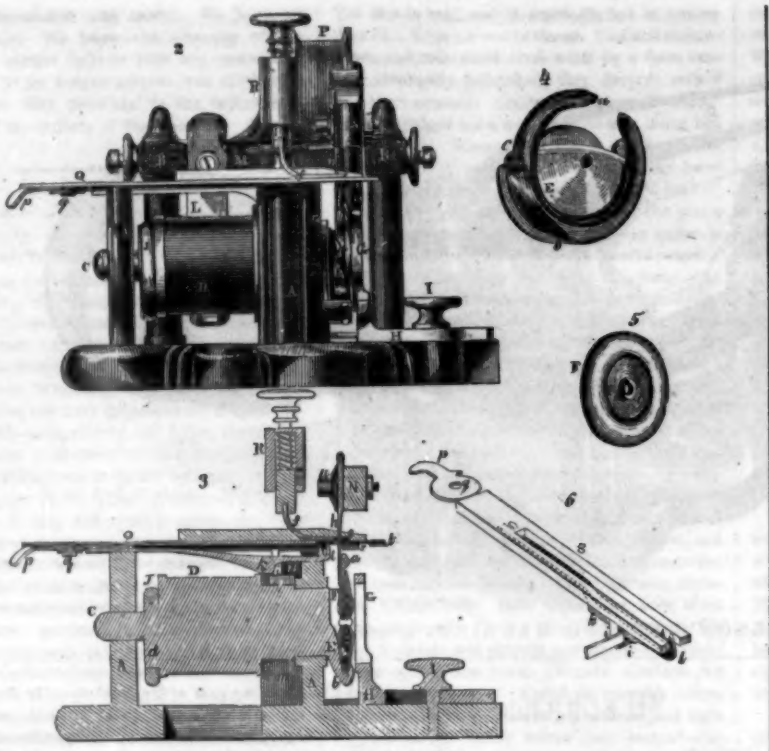
PATENT SEWING-MACHINE.

THE annexed engravings are views of the celebrated sewing-machine invented by A. B. Wilson, of the firm of Wheeler, Wilson & Co., and for which a patent was granted on the 15th of June, 1852. Mr. Wilson had invented and received patents for previous sewing-machines, but this is a manifest improvement over all others.

Figure 1 is a perspective view; figure 2 is an end elevation of the same; figure 3 is a transverse vertical section of the same; figure 4 is a view in perspective of the rotating hook which opens the loops; figure 5 is a view in perspective of the cymbal spool which carries the thread; figure 6 is a perspective view of the feed-bar and appendages, detached from the machine. The same letters refer to like parts.

The machine is a peculiar one, and works with two threads, and forms the firm lock-stitch; but it has no shuttle, and has but one needle. The working parts are secured to a neat small frame, A B, and when in operation, the machine is placed on a small table, and is driven by stirrup-band and pulley, like a foot-lathe, or it can be driven by steam or water-power, with band and pulley. C is a mandrel, and D a pulley on it to receive motion by a band as described. At the front end of the mandrel, C, there is a rotating cam plate-hook, E, (best seen in figure 4,) on it; this rotating cam-hook is of a peculiar form; it is concave on its face, and has portions of two threads of a screw formed on its periphery; a portion of the periphery is also cut away to form the hook, *a*, which opens the loop in the needle thread. One part of the front or outer thread of the screw is chamfered off at *b*, to the back or inner thread, and the notch, *c*, between the portions of the screw threads, is made to extend back from the hook, *a*, about one-third of the circumference. Within the concavity in the face of the hook, plate E, there is a hollow quoit-formed bobbin, F, which carries a thread to be passed through the loop formed by the needle-thread when it has passed through the cloth, so as to form the lock or true binding stitch. This peculiar bobbin is held by a ring, G, attached to a rod, H, which is adjusted by a screw, I, secured in the frame; this ring keeps the bobbin in its place, but allows it to turn freely. One part, *d*, of the mandrel is turned eccentrically, and is encircled by a ring, J, to which a rod, K, is attached, which connects to an arm, L, and is secured to the arbor, M, which is fitted in bearings in the standards, B B, of the frame, and forms the fulcrum of a two-armed lever, one of whose arms, N, is the needle-arm, and to the other, O, is secured the spindle, upon which is hung the spool or bobbin, P, which carries the thread for supplying the needle and forming the loops. By the revolution of the mandrel, C, the eccentric, *d*, is caused to give a vibratory movement to the lever, N O.

The cloth or material to be sewn is laid upon a plate, Q, which is secured to the top of the standards, A A, and forms a small table. It is held down by a small pressing-plate, *f*, which is attached to the end of an arm, R, secured to the back of the standards, B B, and extending over the top of the needle to pass through; and an opening corresponding to the notch, *g*, is cut through the plate, Q, for the same purpose; N is the vibrating arm which carries and works the needle *h*; the hook, *a*, rotates and passes as close as possible in front of the needle; the movements of the hook and needle are so regulated, that the



FIGURES 2, 3, 4, 5, and 6.

hook passes the needle just as the latter is commencing its ascent. The cloth is fed forward to the needle by means of a peculiar feed-bar, S, (fig. 6.) This bar is straight and flat, with a slot nearly its whole length, and with two ears, *i i*, on its under side; under the slot is secured a spring-bar *k*, which has a pointed tooth, *l*, at the end. The bar, S, slides in mortices in the standards, A, below the plate, Q. The point of tooth, *l*, is below the small slot in plate, Q, and passes through it, catching the cloth, and moving it forward a short distance for the stitch, then dropping down to take another stitch. This action it performs by a cam, T, (fig. 3,) on the mandrel, C, which has a projection on it, that presses on the spring under bar, *k*, and forces up the tooth, *l*, while at the same time its front part acts on the back of ears, *i i*, and moves the feed-bar forward towards the plane of the needle's motion. When the cam, T, ceases to act, the tooth, *l*, that catches and carries the cloth, drops down, and the feed-bar is pushed back for a new stitch, by the pressure of the spring, *n*, which is secured to one of the standards on the ears, *i i*. The length of stitch is regulated by an eccentric stop, *p*, which is pivoted on a pin, *q*, to the under side of the plate, Q; the feed-bar is forced against the stop by spring *n*.

The material to be sewed is placed on the top of plate Q, under the pressing-plate, *f*, and close up to the upturned part, *r*, which serves as a gauge to regulate the distance of the seam from the edge of the cloth. The thread from spool, P, is conducted through hole, *u*, near the end of the needle arm, and then through the eye of the needle near its point. The thread from the hollow plate bobbin, F, is passed through a slit between a small spring, *s*, and the edge of plate, Q, to the opening through which the needle passes; in this opening it plays freely. Its end is passed under a spring, *t*, which holds it, and the end of the thread from the needle is held by the attendant, and all is then ready to commence work.

When the mandrel is rotated, the descent of the needle-arm forces the needle through the cloth, which carries the thread with it—the thread lying close to the needle behind and in front of it. When the needle commences to return or rise, the cloth offers a slight resistance to the return thread, which forms an opening; the rotating hook, *a*, comes round and catches it, carries it forward, and forms a loop. As the rotation of the hook continues, it enlarges the loop, and that part of it which is on the front side of the hook, is drawn between the bobbin and the concave face of E, while that part of the loop behind the hook passes into the notch, *c*. The loop being extended by the rotation of the hook, the plate bobbin, F, in the concave of E, passes through it, and on the next descent of the needle, the loop is slipped over the chamfered part, *b*, of E, and drawn over the front of bobbin, F, between it and ring, G; and thus it will be understood, that as soon as one side of the loop passes on one side of the bobbin, and the other on the opposite side, the bobbin passes through it, and on its being drawn tight, it locks the thread of the needle. Every second stitch is commenced before the previous one is completed, the extension of the loop for the second stitch drawing the first tight; and thus every stitch must be alike—not one slack and one tight, as in some machines. The form of the rotating hook causes it to perform three beautiful and ingenious operations, namely, forming and throwing off a loop, and drawing the preceding one tight at the same time. While the needle is operated, the cloth is regularly fed forward by the feed-bar described. There is a brake spring applied to the spool, P, to give the needle-thread its proper tension; and a piece of leather, applied to ring, G, produces the proper tension on the threads of the loops. The needle-arm has a vibratory motion, and the length of needle stroke can be increased or diminished by a screw. Fig. 7 represents the machine and its stand, in complete working order.

FIGURE 7.

This machine is exceedingly neat and portable; it performs the finest quality of stitching, such as collars and shirt-bosoms. One girl can stitch with one machine, thirty-five dozen of shirt-collars in one day. There are 1500 of them now in operation in various parts of the country, and the work which they perform cannot be surpassed. They can sew straight and curved seams; the stitches do not rip out, and from 1000 to 1500 stitches can be made in one minute, by a good operator. One machine, all complete, occupies no more room than a small work-table, and it is as ornamental as useful.

Messrs. Wheeler, Wilson & Co., have their office at No. 343 Broadway, this city, where these machines can always be seen in operation; and to see them is to admire their ingenuity of construction and excellence of action. Every machine is made under the eye of the inventor, at the Company's machine-shop, Watertown, Conn., so that every one is warranted. As there has been much dispute about the originality and identity of sewing-machines, as related to Mr. Howe's original patent, no person who buys one of these machines is clogged with an impending prospective law-suit, as there is an arrangement and perfect agreement between Mr. Howe and Messrs. Wheeler, Wilson & Co.; so every customer will be perfectly protected. These machines are adapted to sew fine and coarse work, leather, canvas bags, men's clothes, or the finest collar-stitching.

For further particulars, address, or call at the office of the Company.

See also their advertisements.

Agriculture.

WHOSOEVER makes two ears of corn or two blades of grass to grow where only one grew before, deserves better of Mankind, and does more essential service to his country, than the whole race of politicians put together.—SWIFT.

MAY.

FARM WORK TO BE DONE.

BY H. C. VAIL.

KEEP busy; lose not a moment of fair weather in forwarding the operations of the farm; and on wet days clear out cellars and hog-pens, coating them with lime and charcoal-dust. Place rotten wood and ashes where your hogs can get them, and occasionally give them a little sulphur with their food.

Continue to sow corn in drills, at least once a month, so as to insure a succession of good fodder for the dry season. If you have not time to sow in drills, spread it broadcast, at the rate of two to four bushels per acre, harrowing in well. Some sow millet, to furnish green fodder. At the South it is sown at the rate of four pecks per acre, and is said to produce from three to four tons per acre of excellent fodder. Indian corn should be planted at once; some persons prefer to soak it, and roll in plaster before planting. Use a heavy dressing of composted guano, hen-manure, or night-soil, placing it at some depth below the hill and covering with soil, being careful that the corn does not come in contact with it. Should you require more manure than you can command, purchase and use the superphosphate, before spoken of, at the rate of three-fourths of a gill to a hill; or use a part of the night-soil in the hill, and at the first hoeing, apply the phosphate about the hill. Plant pumpkins among the corn, or otherwise select a fine plot of ground and make hills about eight feet apart, each way, the same as for watermelons, and a good supply of pumpkins may be reasonably expected, for feeding to cows and hogs in the fall and early winter. If you have time, before planting, sow salt on the surface of the soil before harrowing, at the rate of six bushels per acre, to rid it of bugs, slugs, and worms. This should be done at least a week before using the land, so as to give time for the salt to dissolve.

If carrots, parsnips and beets are not yet sown, attend to it now: use an equal bulk of long scarlet radish seed, and drill it in with the other seeds. The radish seed will germinate rapidly and mark the rows very early, so that the push-hoe, or cultivator, may be run through between the rows and eradicate the weeds, and thus save hand-labor in the after-stages of cultivation. The broad leaf of the radish will partially shade the soil, and hasten the germination of the carrot or parsnip seeds; while its long tap-root will bring up moisture from below, and, when pulled, leave openings in the soil for the admission of atmosphere. The after-culture of these crops consists in hoeing and stirring the ground frequently with the horse-hoe or cultivator. When the plants are three or four inches high, thin to three or six inches apart.

Wash the bark of fruit trees with the solution of soda, if any have been neglected. Those which have been treated with it will be found entirely clean, and possessed of a glossy bark. The bark of cherry, and other trees of rapid growth, will not require to be "slashed."

Continue to gather and compost all manures and refuse, instead of allowing them to contaminate the air, and lose nearly all their strength by exposure. Remove manure from stables at least twice a day. Dry hog manure has been recommended by some as a compost, with charcoal-dust, for growing turnips, but we do not believe that it will prove valuable for the *brassica* tribe, as it frequently renders them clump-rooted.

If there are any potatoes to be planted, deposit a bed of muck, or other inert vegetable matter, in the bottom of the furrow, adding such other manures as may be deemed advisable. Plant about three inches deep, and, at the first flowering, add three inches of soil, and add no more, but cultivate flatly. The potato is a tuberous-stemmed, not a tuberous-rooted plant, as many suppose. The continued addition of new portions of soil causes new sets of potatoes to appear; and when the crop is dug, there are large and medium-sized potatoes, and plenty of half-grown, imperfect ones; whereas, if the cultivation be flat, they will be more uniform in size, and more likely to perfect. Potatoes treated with muck or charcoal-dust, and cultivated as above, do not seem so liable to decay. Plant potatoes whole; never cut them.

Save soap-suds to apply to grape vines. Provide quicklime, ashes, tobacco-dust, and damaged snuff, to dust on plants, to prevent the attacks of insects and destroy them. At the first appearance of caterpillars, attack them with the camphene-lamp—described in a former article. They are in their nests before 8 A. M. and after 5 P. M., at which times, wage unceasing warfare against them. Salt stock at least twice a week. See that they have plenty of fresh, pure water; and, if kept in stables, change their food frequently, and keep the stables well ventilated and supplied with absorbents.

Reviews.

A TEMPERANCE PROCLAMATION.—THE WHOLE WORLD'S TEMPERANCE TRACTS.

TEMPERANCE or intemperance—prohibitory law or license law, are questions which VITALLY affect our own and country's weal and woe. What more so? What is to-day causing as much or multifarious degradation or wretchedness as alcoholic drinks? How many of our own countrymen, and even neighbors, by nature talented and good, have strong drinks laid low—low in a natural, low in a moral grave! What waste, what dreadful havoc of humanity is intemperance causing! How many public accidents and private calamities occasioning! How much labor forestalling! How much public and private thrift preventing! How many millions of property swallowing up—worse than wasted! How vast an amount of haggard poverty, of beggarly destitution, of squalid wretchedness breeding! How many families breaking up! How many wives, luxuriously reared, turning forlorn out of doors! And on how many others heaping all the odium, all the drudgery of supporting a drunken husband and starving offspring! How many pauper juveniles casting out unloved, and hardened by abuse and bad example, upon the world's cold charities, to prey upon society till lodged in jail! How much low vulgarity, swearing, rowdyism and disgusting vice occasioning! Ay, how many *murders* provoking! Almost EVERY ONE THAT TRANSPIRES! But for it, scarcely a gallows, prison, or jail would our whole country need. Our taxes quadrupled. Even our ballot-box, this sacred palladium of liberty, this only charter of human rights, trampled on! FREEMEN, how long abide this? Sons of '76, strike! The crisis is come. Choose liberty or death. Delay is TREASON.

But we *will* rise. This plague *shall* be stayed. Against these evils we will protect ourselves by cure, by prevention. But *how* prevent? By a PROHIBITORY LAW! That will do the exterminating work. Can it be enacted? Let the ballot-box answer. WE, THE PEOPLE, own that, and to this ordeal IT SHALL BE BROUGHT. Politicians, we PAY you to legislate for us, and hirelings are expected to WORK TO ORDER or quit. An overwhelming majority imperiously DEMANDS a stringent prohibitory law. Enact it, or we will elect those who will.

All now wanted to carry this law is to EMBODY THE TEMPERANCE SENTIMENT, and this requires a FOCAL CENTRE. This centre we propose to furnish. Pressed by such Maine Law heralds as Greeley, Beecher, Barnum, Chapin, Trall, Pierpont, Youmans, and others, and ourselves personally, most heartily interested in this work, having preached temperance thirty years, and "Maine Law" from its dawn, we accept the offer. The Maine Law spirit is rife. To it the old temperance movement is as the old stage-coach, on a muddy road, to the steam-car. Let them jog on their way. We would go faster, farther. Let whoever chooses work through them, or us, or both, or independently, but let all WORK SOMEHOW.

Plainly. We propose to issue TRACTS FOR THE PEOPLE, AT COST, to be spread broadcast throughout our land. Whoever has any thing to say, be it a page or a volume, may send it in, with whatever funds he desires to be expended on it, and we will promptly execute his order, and send it abroad gratis, or return it printed to him. We are now furnishing, AT COST, the following excellent temperance tracts:

No. 1. THE MAINE LIQUOR LAW.—An Act for the Suppression of Drinking-houses and Tippling-shops. The Working of the Law. By Hon. NEAL DOW. With a Letter from Professor MOSES STUART, of Andover.

No. 2. PHILOSOPHY OF THE TEMPERANCE REFORMATION; or, the Relations of Alcohol and the Human Organism, Chemically, Physiologically, and Psychologically considered. A PRIZE ESSAY, to which the premium of $100 was awarded by the General Temperance Council. By R. T. TRALL, M.D.

No. 3. ALCOHOLIC LIQUORS; their Essential Nature and Necessary Effects on the Human Constitution. By HORACE GREELEY.

No. 4. THE LIQUOR BUSINESS: its Effects upon the Minds, Morals, and Pockets of our people. By P. T. BARNUM.

No. 5. TEMPERANCE AND A PROHIBITORY LAW, as enforced by Phrenology and Physiology. By O. S. FOWLER.

These Tracts will be sold in packages of
1,000 Copies for Four Dollars.
500 Copies for Two Dollars.
200 Copies for One Dollar.
100 Copies for Fifty Cents.

UTERINE DISEASES AND DISPLACEMENTS.—Dr. TRALL'S new work, which was announced as forthcoming in our last, will soon be ready. It covers the whole ground of diseases of the uterine system, and of the various malpositions or displacement of the uterus and its appendages. These most important subjects are illustrated with colored engravings, many of which are from original designs. Inflammations, ulcerations, tumors, mismenstruation, prolapsions of the uterus, retroversions, anteversions, inversions, &c., &c., are clearly described and illustrated, and the appropriate medical, mechanical and surgical treatment indicated.

Miscellany.

PRODUCTIVENESS OF THE EARTH.—How much human sustenance can be raised per acre? This question we regard as among the most important in its bearing on the prospective interests of the race itself. Its answer is virtually a solution of that most eventful problem—How many inhabitants can our earth be made to support?

This question, *experiments* alone can fully answer. These experiments we wish our subscribers to answer practically next fall. Let us have a sort of emulation to see who can raise the *most*. If an acre cannot be cultivated to perfection, cultivate a half, quarter, eighth, twentieth—four rods square—or any other fraction. The *proportion* is what is desired.

What we suggest is, that the parcel be measured out, trenched, or dug over, say two feet deep, made just as rich as manure can make it, and planted with *several kinds* of edibles. Thus, peas or radishes, or both, planted first; then corn, to come on and cover the ground just as the first crop ripens; next turnips, or carrots, or rutabagas; to be started in the shade of the corn, which is favorable to their growth, but to obtain their main growth after the corn has been harvested; or oats and carrots sown together and the latter cleaned after the former is cut; or any single crop, or succession of crops. We also suggest a crop of spring wheat, and a bed of beets to be transplanted as soon as the wheat is cut, and watered artificially, and growth promoted by any and every means. Any such experiments any are willing to try and report will be *published* in our columns. Who can eclipse the Editor? Experiments on fruit trees, or any and every thing that grows, will be equally acceptable.

DEATH OF SAMUEL WARD.—The following we condense from an article in the Chicago *Tribune:*

More than twenty years ago Mr. Ward engaged in commercial business, and was among the first pioneers in sailing on Lake Erie, and between that lake and Lake Michigan. At that time his means were limited; but his great prudence, sound judgment, and untiring energy, enabled him to sucessfully combat and overcome all obstacles, and become successful beyond all his competitors.

Previously to 1852, for twenty years, neither S. Ward, nor the firm of E. B. & S. Ward, ever lost a vessel. Another fact, equally remarkable, is, that though for sixteen years they were the owners of steamers, and for the last six years the most extensive on the lakes, not a single life was lost by explosions or other accident on board of their boats.

At the time of the death of Mr. Ward, he was, we believe, about sixty years old. He had acquired a large property by his commercial operations, all of which, we believe, goes to his nephew and only heir, Capt. E. B. Ward, the surviving partner.—*Kenosha Telegraph.*

[The WARDS have been distinguished for their intuitive knowledge of *human nature;* always progressive, inventing, adopting, and applying all new improvements, and keeping *ahead* of the times in all things relating to their business, coupled with great energy and enterprise. They were zealous Temperance men; of excellent physical constitution, and capable of great exertion and endurance; and to all other advantages they added that which an intimate knowledge of PHRENOLOGY gave them. We have had the pleasure of counting the Messrs. WARD among our patrons for many years.]

Events of the Month.

DOMESTIC.

CONGRESS.—The prevailing monotony of the Capitol has been interrupted by a passage-at-arms between Mr. Cutting of New York, and Mr. Breckenridge of Kentucky, on account of expressions used in debate on the disposition of the Nebraska question. On the reception of Mr. Douglass's bill in the House, Mr. Cutting moved to refer it to the Committee of the Whole. Mr. Breckenridge commented on this measure in a speech severely reflecting on Mr. Cutting. This was followed by several replies and retorts on both sides—high words ensued—and a correspondence took place which terminated in arrangements for a duel between the parties. A settlement was however effected by the mutual friends of the belligerents, and the affair happily passed off without waste of powder or human blood.

A bill which has occupied much of the time in the House, has finally passed, by a large majority vote. It was a bill authorizing the construction of six first-class steam-frigates. This bill, which contemplates a material enlargement of the U. S. Navy, has elicited much discussion. It proposes an entire revolution in our naval system. Should these six steamers be added to our present naval armament, never again will one of our frigates be pursued by a fleet like that of the Constitution in the war of 1812-15. Never again will the crews of becalmed vessels be required to labor incessantly throughout whole days and nights, in order to bring the instruments of destruction to bear upon each other. Steam will soon decide the race of death.

In the course of the debates on this bill, several amendments were offered, one of which was proposed by Hon. Gerrit Smith, in the form of a proviso that no intoxicating liquor shall ever be carried in these frigates to be used as a beverage. But Mr. Dean, on raising a point of order, said that the amendment was not germane to the object of the bill, and the amendment was lost.

PENNSYLVANIA LEGISLATURE.—The House of Representatives have passed a bill referring the whole subject of liquor prohibition to a vote of the people, on the second Tuesday of October.

LEGISLATURE OF NEW YORK.—The Prohibitory Liquor Law which has been so long under consideration in the Legislature, has passed both Houses by large majorities, but has been vetoed by Gov. Seymour, who accounts the bill as unconstitutional and oppressive. The grounds which he takes leave no doubt that his objections lie against the principle as well as the details of the bill, and that restrictive legislation, if at all stringent, will find no favor at his hands. The people, however, have decreed the statute by an expression which gives assurance of a future triumph.

CONNECTICUT ELECTION.—The election for State officers and Representatives in Connecticut has resulted in a perfect triumph of the Anti-Nebraska and the Maine Law party. The result may thus be stated: There is no choice of State officers, but the Legislature is Maine Law in both branches by more than two to one in the Senate, and nearly two to one in the House.

TRADE SALE.—The March auction sale of books to the trade has been made memorable by the disposal of the greater part of the copyrights and stereotype plates of G. P. Putnam & Co. They brought excellent prices, considerably in advance of what was expected. Messrs. Putnam & Co. still retain the exclusive publication of the works of Irving, Bayard Taylor, Miss Warner, Kimball, Curtis, Wilkes, Mills, and Professors Church, Gray, and Dana; and they are to issue new works of Irving, Taylor, &c., besides various scientific publications; and last, not least, the Magazine; so that they still have something to attend to.

FOREIGN.

SAILING OF THE BALTIC FLEET.—The first division of the British fleet, destined for the Baltic, sailed for its destination on the afternoon of Saturday, the 11th of March, under the command of Vice-Admiral Sir Charles Napier. The day was magnificently fine, the wind fair, and the spectacle—a most exciting one—was witnessed by tens of thousands of people from Portsmouth and from the shores of the Isle of Wight. The whole number (fifteen ships) being steamers, three of them only were paddle-steamers. Just previous to the ships putting to sea, Queen Victoria, in her steam-yacht, passed through the fleet, the whole of the ships manning yards and firing a royal salute.

The nucleus of the second division is rapidly forming, and will, as soon as possible, proceed under the flag of Admiral Chads, to join Admiral Napier in the North Sea. The total British force despatched to the Baltic will then consist of forty-four ships, mounting 2,200 guns, propelled by a steam power of 16,000 horses, and manned by upwards of 22,000 men.

THE WAR QUESTION.—At the last advices the position of the war question, without being decisive, was threatening to the last degree. The formal reply of the Czar to the Western Powers had not been received, though confident rumors were flying that the answer would be an unhesitating negative. The English Government is only waiting for this. As soon as it is formally communicated, the announcement will be made to both Houses of Parliament, and war will be formally declared. Meanwhile, the preparations for war are pushed forward with restless activity, as though there existed no shade of doubt as to the result.

FRANCE.—Four French ships of war under the command of Admiral Dechesnes have sailed from Toulon to join Admiral Napier's fleet in the Baltic. It is stated that 3,000 British troops—2,000 cavalry and 1,000 artillery—are to pass through France to embark at Toulon or Marseilles shortly. Lord Raglan was expected in Paris about the 1st of April.

PRUSSIA.—The official announcement of Prussia's neutrality was made as follows, according to a correspondent at Berlin: "Baron Manteuffel's speech to the Chambers contained an assurance that the Prussian Government is determined to vindicate the right of Prussia, under all circumstances, to coöperate in the preservation of the peace of Europe, but that Prussia does not feel called upon, in the same measure as other nations, from her position or naval resources, to take an active part in protecting the integrity of Turkey; and the King has decided not to require from Prussia the heavy sacrifices inseparable from war, until the particular interests of Prussia render such a decision imperatively necessary." This is, of course, equivalent to a declaration of neutrality for the present.

AUSTRIA.—The whole of the loan of 50,000,000 florins has been taken up. It was in consequence determined by the Government to send another 30,000 men to the Turkish frontier. It was insinuated that the yet uncertain intentions of Austria will depend for their explanation on the stay of the Russian Minister at Vienna. Austria extends the prohibition to export arms into the Turkish provinces, to Moldavia and Wallachia.

Notes and Queries.

THE GRAVEL WALL.—MR. O. S. FOWLER—Sir: Attracted by notices in the public prints of your plan of building with the gravel wall, &c., I recently purchased the last edition of your work entitled, "Home for All," &c., and have read it with a good deal of attention and interest. This I have done with a view of adopting the gravel wall in building, if I should feel convinced of its safety, durability, and adaptability to this climate. Your book has satisfied me of the cheapness of this kind of wall, and there is no doubt it is perfectly adapted to warm and dry climates. (A) However, one or two questions have occurred to me, arising out of a consideration of the severity of our climate, which I do not find fully treated in your work. If you will excuse the liberty taken by a stranger, I would wish to avail myself of your experience upon these points. For the sake of brevity and distinctness, I may as well proceed categorically:

1. In laying the wall, how many feet in height can you go in a day, so as to be able to take off the retaining boards the next day, without danger of falling? (B) Ought these boards to be *planed* on the side next the wall? (C)

2. How long does it take the walls of the house to become *dry*, so as not to be at all affected by the frost, which in this climate is very severe? Would walls put up, say, in June, become so dry by the first of October as to stand the frosts of the following winter? (D)

3. Is it best to finish with the plaster-coat before the walls are quite dry, or afterwards? (E)

4. You speak of leaving the scantling used in erecting the walls remaining after they are built. Is there not danger that those upon the outer side of the wall will *shrink* after plastering, or *swell* by *absorbing moisture*, and cause the coat of plaster to crack? (F)

5. Can you suggest any plan of building a wall without leaving these scantlings remaining on the outer side of it? (F)

6. Instead of mixing all the materials in the mortar-bed, would it not be better to proceed more slowly, and lay the large stones *by hand* in the wall, in such a way as to make a more perfect bond? (G)

Most of the builders with whom I have conversed are inclined to ridicule the idea of a gravel-wall house: perhaps it is natural that they should do so. (H) But I am convinced that, if it does not take too long in drying, it is perfectly feasible; and I intend to try it. Will you be so kind as to furnish me with an answer to the foregoing questions?

Before concluding, permit me to bear my humble testimony to the value and beauty of your octagonal style of building. I consider that part of your work which describes it as especially valuable, treating, as it does, of a proposition which it would seem has been neglected by most builders; namely, how to obtain the greatest area with the least surface of wall. You have abundantly proved the superiority of the octagon over the square and rectangle: but in Section 4, have you not made an error in calculation, and that against yourself? I have laid down several octagons with the scale and dividers, and find that an octagonal figure contains nearly *one-fourth* more than a square of the same outer surface. The difference is precisely that part which is contained in the four triangles in Fig. 16, p. 84. In an octagon of 16-feet sides, I think, by recalculation, you will find 288 square feet to be the gain over the square, instead of 194, as you give it. From one side of an octagon to the opposite side is just 2½ times the length of any one side; so that the large rectangle and the two small ones in the figure contains exactly as many square feet as a square of 32-feet sides, and the triangles are clear gain. I regret that this error should have crept into your book, but I am sure you will be glad to have it pointed out. Of course the proportions that you have based upon the first calculation need revision, but fortunately they are all in favor of the octagon. (I)

I have made a plan of a twelve-sided dwelling, and prefer it on some accounts to the octagon. The principal rooms are more symmetrical, and the small ones cut off for pantries, closets, &c., are left in a better shape. Of course the space enclosed is a little greater than in the octagon, and I should think the difference in expense would not be much. (J)

I have no doubt your book will have a good effect even upon the minds of those who are too timid to risk the concrete walls. Awaiting a reply at your convenience,

I am, yours respectfully, THOS. W. RITCHIE.
Shabree, Canada East.

(A) Pray, why will not this kind of wall stand a severe cold climate as well as brick? I speak only from inference, not experiment; but frost, however severe, does not disintegrate mortar in brick houses, or in plastering exposed to frost and wet. Since severe frost does not *disever* the bond-principle of mortar, why should it of our concrete, since that principle is the same in both; namely, lime?

Besides, it is not the *nature* of frost to break up the bond-principle of lime. Lime once set, becomes veritable stone, actually and truly, by reabsorbing that very element from the air—namely, carbonic acid gas—which burning drives off. It is stone before burning, and unaffected by frost. It is stone, powdered, after the burning. It returns to stone after being mixed with water. Then why should cold dissolve its particles any more than of other stone? And since mine has stood a temperature of 20 degrees below zero, and when neither covered nor plastered outside, why not stand 30 or 40 degrees as well as twenty? If it stands freezing at all, why not stand any amount? And why not this kind of lime application as well as any other?

(B) About a foot per day is as fast as I should recommend. If I were in real haste, I should not fear going up faster, yet should keep my wall well braced. If not specially hurried, should rather go slower. If the wall ever falls, it must be while green. Knowing what I do about it, I should not fear to go two feet per day, yet should leave on a tier of boards all around, about seven or eight feet high, outside and in, and brace them so as to keep the wall plumb. I built my upper story 11 feet between Friday noon and Saturday forenoon, and my middle story of 12 feet 9 inches in 9½ days. My material was better adapted to sustain rapid building than one of all sand. My own experience tells me there is hardly danger of going too fast, yet I would advise care, lest some might omit something, and experience a fall, to the discredit of this mode of building and their own prudence.

But why hurry? Who would think of building a brick house in twenty days? Who cannot be content to go only half a foot per day, and be forty days in putting up a two-story house? Yet this is slower than is necessary. Very few, if any, will require to delay for the walls to dry. Yet I advise that if the first round can have time to dry, it be allowed.

(C) Not at all.

(D) I put up inside walls the middle of October, but should prefer that they be up by the middle of September, or first of October. Yet something will depend on the weather. To finish any time in August will do, I should think, for your climate. At most by the middle.

(E) I doubt whether it makes any difference. My mason said after, but I always thought it a professional whim. I should prefer it before. Yet only guess.

(F) In my own house there will occasionally be found very fine checks remaining along where these scantlings are, but no peeling, and observable only on the closest scrutiny. Yet they can be taken out after the wall is up, just as well as not. After the floor timbers are on, and when you come to plaster outside, unfasten and take them out, and fill the vacant place with mortar.

(G) Of course more pains will make a better wall. And I recommend the cautious to pursue this course. I think very highly of large stones; they serve to stiffen and sustain the wall while green, and to go up faster than would be safe with gravel and sand alone. But, with my own house, no such pains was taken. I even doubt whether so compact a built wall is as dry. I attribute there being no dampness about my house to the fact that there are so many little honeycomb holes for dead air all through the wall, which prevent wet from striking through, which would not be in a compact wall. If the wall is solid enough without, why incur this extra cost?

(H) Was any innovation ever made on any art that the *professors* of that art did not ridicule? Their *craft* is in danger. To admit that any one else knows more than they do, impeaches themselves. The practitioners of any art are the very poorest of all judges of proposed improvements in it. All their prejudices and pride, as well as purse, are against any outsider teaching *them* any thing. Don't let their ridicule scare you. Just ask them this question: "What holds a brick house up?" "Lime, of course," they will say. They cannot name any other bond-principle, for there is no other. Then ask them if the gravel wall has not the *same* bond-principle? If lime will not fasten stones and gravel together as well as brick; or gravel and stones in a gravel wall as well as stones in a stone house? Of what is a stone house composed but of stones, sand, and lime? And is not the gravel wall also composed of exactly the very same material? In what consists the difference but in the former being laid *regularly, secundem artem*, and the latter thrown in pell-mell with the shovel? Yet does lime stop to inquire, before it will consent to stick fast, whether the masons laid it and the stones precisely just so, or a common laborer threw them together promiscuously? When will Old Fogies in all departments learn that man is progressive? When will men learn to trust their own common sense, instead of conservative leaders? Let them laugh on. Next summer will show them, for hundreds of houses will then be built to open their eyes, and turn them into ridicule.

(I) I was aware of having calculated the capacity of the octagon *within* the real truth, and it has been pointed out by others who have taken the pains to measure it accurately. But I knew that I erred *on the safe side*. Its cause was, that the stereotyping process slightly *contracts*, and I made my calculations from plate proofs. Hence all the figures will be found a trifle *less* than the size ascribed to them.

It is true that the octagon form gains over the square almost a quarter in its space, as compared with its wall; yet it loses part of this gain in having eight angles instead of four, and in cutting floor timbers and boards more to waste. Yet I consider its main and special advantage to consist in its far preferable *arrangement of rooms*, and furnishing so many pantries and closets. The owner of the house in Williamsburg says that his wife is perfectly delighted with the handiness of the house; that nothing but necessity would tempt her to move back into a square house; that she did not know before that a house *could* be so handy as hers is, &c. And this is the testimony of every one I ever saw occupying an octagon, and I have seen scores. Only those who occupy them can duly prize them—but they can and will. Its closets and small rooms are inexpressibly handy and convenient; and all its rooms are far more contiguous to warmth and comfort, than by any other plan. And its central stairway is a convenience greater than can be estimated by any who have not *experienced* them. And the same applies to halls, A. Allen's strictures to the contrary notwithstanding. Let time and use determine. I willingly assume the *debtor* side of the odium from occupants of octagon houses, consequent on their disadvantages, if awarded all the credit of gratitude consequent on their *advantages*.

(J) I do not doubt the greater convenience of ten and twelve-sided houses, yet the gain in room would not equal the extra cost of making so many corners. Yet for those who care more to have a first-class house than what it costs, I should recommend a greater number of sides. I studied one whole year on a decagon before I lit upon the octagon, yet prefer the latter to all others. In a proposed supplement, I shall give plans for both the hexagon and monagon.

HIRAM WHITNEY: you put no name of Town, County, or State on your letter. How can you expect an answer? We wrote the answers before we saw the omission. See "Home for All."

PHRENOLOGY IN THORNBURG.—At the close of a course of public lectures on Physiology and Phrenology, by J. H. COOK, at the Central School in Thornburg, Del. Co., Pa., the following resolutions were unanimously passed:

Resolved: That we regard Phrenology as the instrument by which a correct mental philosophy has been deduced, and as an index to the complicated structure of the human mind.

Resolved: That we welcome the rising progress of physiological and phrenological truth with profound gratification, and regard its application to life, health, and the beautiful laws which it has unfolded, as worthy of the serious attention of mankind, and as an unerring guide to a happy life.

Resolved: That the thanks of this class and auditory are preëminently due to Mr. James H. Cook for the dignity, courtesy, and ability with which he has imparted to us a knowledge of the laws and facts of the human constitution.

Resolved: That a copy of the above resolutions be sent to MESSRS FOWLERS AND WELLS for publication in the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Wm. J. Harvey, Robert Sill, W. D. Pennell, M. Wright, T. M. Palmer, R. P. England, J. Brown, T. Simcox, etc., etc.

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CANADIAN POSTAGE.—By a late arrangement of the Canadian Post Office Department, scientific papers, (among which the Journal is properly classed,) marked such on the envelope, pass free.

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"Wisdom's ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace."—BIBLE.

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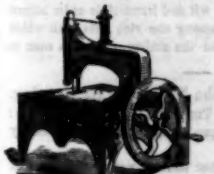

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A candid exposition of the doctrines of Hydropathy. It presents many very strong points that will make Allopathy, with her blue pills and ipecac, tremble upon her premises, and look around for war-weapons to demolish a manly foe. It is marked with decided ability, and presented in that amiable manner which indicates sterling good sense and an honest purpose.—*Highland Eagle, N. Y.*

We hail it as an able and efficient journal of reform; are pleased to see the spirited stand it has taken in behalf of humanity and enlightened reason as connected with medical practice.—*Banner of the Times, N. Y.*

We welcome this Review; assured from the established reputation of the publishers that it will be conducted with ability, firmness, and dignity, and with the desire of eliciting truth in relation to the vital subject of the Philosophy of Health and Disease.—*Independent Dem., N. H.*

These publishers deserve the grateful reward of the people of the whole world, for the benefits conferred in this publication. They introduce us to the pure, sparkling fountains, gushing from the great breast of our mother, nature, and wash us clean from filth, drugs, and prejudices.—*Wills Valley Post, Alabama.*

The intrepid advocates of free thought and investigation have opened a new era in medicine and anatomy. Physiology and hygiene are no longer unexplored arcana, only to be inquired into by regularly initiated disciples of Galen. Without delivering an opinion upon questions on which "doctors disagree," we recommend this journal to the consideration of our readers. It is an invaluable publication.—*N. Y. Sunday Times.*

This publication has that solidity which we look for in such a work. The articles read well, and indicate the authors' familiarity with their subjects. Nobody but Fowlers and Wells can publish such a Magazine for two dollars. It is worth the money twice over.—*East Boston Led.*

A publication of the highest value.—*Boston Bee.*

The information to be derived from the perusal of its pages is worth tenfold its cost.—*Clinton Democrat.*

Those who would be thorough in their investigation of Hydropathy, should subscribe for this work; and those who do not wish to become converts to Water-Cure, should not read it.—*Wyoming County Mirror.*

* TERMS.—Each volume will contain about eight hundred octavo pages, at Two Dollars a year, in advance. Published by FOWLERS AND WELLS, 308 Broadway, New York.

Poetry.

TIPSY DROLLERY.

It is esteemed a mark of a vulgar mind to divert one's self at the expense of a drunken man; yet we allow ourselves to be amused with representations of drunkenness upon the stage and in comic narratives. Nobody is ashamed to laugh at Cassio in the play of Othello, when he has put an enemy into his mouth to steal away his brains. The personation which the elder Wallack used to give us some years ago of Dick Dashall, very drunk, but very gentlemanly, was one of the most irresistibly comic things ever known. I have a mind to give you a German ballad on a tipsy man, which has been set to music, and is often sung in Germany. It is rather droll in the original, and perhaps it has not lost all of its humor in being overset, as they call it, into the English. Here it is:

OUT OF THE TAVERN, ETC.

Out of the tavern I 've just stepped to-night;
Street! you are caught in a very bad plight—
Right hand and left hand are both out of place:
Street, you are drunk! 'tis a very clear case.

Moon, 'tis a very queer figure you cut!
One eye is staring while t' other is shut;
Tipsy, I see; and you 're greatly to blame;
Old as you are, 'tis a terrible shame.

Then the street lamps—what a scandalous sight!
None of them soberly standing upright.
Rocking and staggering! why, on my word,
Each of the lamps is drunk as a lord!

All is confusion! now isn't it odd?
I am the only thing sober abroad.
Sure it were rash with this crew to remain;
Better go into the tavern again.

[*Eve. Post.*

WOMAN'S APPEAL.

Ye men and legislators
Of the great Commonweal,
Who long have been spectators
Of woes ye ought to heal;
We come as sisters, mothers,
For children fatherless—
For ruined husbands, brothers,
And ask you for redress;
Yes, yes, yes,
We ask you for redress.

See hearthstones desolated,
And homes made sad by shame—
Those yawning graves unsated—
That drunkard's quenchless flame;
A look in each direction,
How wide-spread is this bane!
And hence we ask protection:
Say, shall we ask in vain?
Say, say, say,
Say, shall we ask in vain?

If ye refuse to hearken,
And say, "We know it not,"
With words all counsel darken,
And wink at this foul blot—
A judgment sure and speedy
Shall wrest away thy power,
While wretches low and needy
Will haunt thy dying-hour!
Yes, yes, yes,
Will haunt thy dying hour.

General Notices.

A Class for Instruction in Phrenology will be formed in New York by the Brothers O. S. and L. N. Fowler, on the first of August next, to be continued One Month.

The object will be to prepare pupils for lecturing, and to qualify them, so far as possible, for becoming Practical Phrenologists and Examiners. The demand for competent Phrenologists is every year, and every month, increasing. They are wanted in the West, the South, the North, and the East—*everywhere*.

Numbers of intelligent and reformatory young men, perceiving and appreciating this fact, have repeatedly solicited us to form a Class, and teach them, scientifically, how to apply this noble science, and to afford them an opportunity of becoming co-workers in its world-wide promulgation.

Such a class will be formed at the time specified, and full particulars, as to terms and so forth, will be given in circulars, which will be sent free to all prepaid applications. Address Fowlers and Wells, 308 Broadway, New York.

Flower-Seeds by Mail.—We did not over-estimate the advantages to our distant country patrons of our list of flower-seeds, or the avidity with which they would avail themselves of the opportunity thus offered to secure floral treasures which would not otherwise have been brought within their reach. We counted upon the taste, refinement, and love of the beautiful, which we believe our readers to possess, and the result has satisfied us that we had judged correctly. Who does not love flowers? Who would not have his door-yard and garden adorned with these silent witnesses of a paternal and loving Providence? It costs almost nothing, in money or in time, and how great the return! It is a beautiful and appropriate work for *women* to cultivate flowers. Out under the clear smiling heavens among the roses, her eyes catch the light of the one, and her cheeks the hue of the other. Fair reader, have you tried it?

We have the seeds of nearly a hundred varieties, (see March number for a list,) which may yet be sent by mail in time for spring planting in the Middle and Northern States. We have made arrangements by which we are enabled to send *double* the varieties offered in our March number. In smaller packages, that is, for 15 cents, we will send, post-paid, any *two* kinds or varieties on the list; for One Dollar, *fourteen* varieties; and for Five Dollars, Eighty varieties—enough to beautify the pleasure-grounds of any private residence, school or college. It will do in this latitude to plant flower seeds in May or June, and farther north, still later. Postage-stamps may be enclosed in a letter and remitted in place of small change. Address Fowlers and Wells, 308 Broadway, New York.

H. Long and Brother and Samuel French have lately moved into one of the splendid stores (No. 121) of the new marble block which now occupies the site of the old Bible House, on Nassau street, next to Clinton Hall, where they have opened their respective establishments in a style of great elegance and taste.

H. Long and Brother are extensively known as general book publishers and booksellers. The list of their own publications comprises some of the most entertaining and standard works of the current literature of the day, and they are continually making many valuable additions to it.

Mr. French, who occupies the other side of the store, is agent for *Gleason's Pictorial* and the *Flag of our Union*, and an extensive dealer in and publisher of cheap publications.

Where From?—Subscribers who wish the direction of Journals changed from one post-office to another, will oblige by stating where it is now sent and received. Thus:

To the Publishers:

Please change the direction of my Phrenological Journal from Rochester, N. Y., to Chicago, Illinois, and oblige
John Brown.

With these particulars we can transfer the name conveniently.—Publishers A. P. J.

Mr. John Taggart, of Roxbury, Mass., has invented a machine for excavating docks, and other places, with such facility as to save an immense amount of labor. By a slight alteration of the machinery, it may be converted into a spile-driver of great power.

We are indebted to Hon. O. B. Matteson, M. C., for public documents.

Hon. Thomas J. Rusk, U. S. from Texas, will please accept our thanks for valuable public documents.

Literary Notices.

Surenne's New Dictionary.—The standard Pronouncing Dictionary of the French and English Languages, in two parts. The first part, comprehending words in common use, terms connected with science and the fine arts, historical, geographical, and biographical names, with the pronunciation according to the French Academy and the most eminent lexicographers and grammarians. Second part, containing all English words authorized by eminent writers, with the pronunciation according to the best authorities. The whole preceded by a practical and comprehensive system of French Pronunciation. By Gabriel Surenne. 1 vol., large 12mo. 978 pages. New York: D. Appleton and Co. 1854. Price $3.

This gifted lexicographer has already given us two good dictionaries, which have found their way through the length and breadth of the land. The volume before us is a medium between the two. It is certainly the most excellent volume of reference we have ever seen. It is convenient in size, printed in large type, presenting to the eye one of the most beautiful pages that we have ever beheld. We are sure that every student of the French language will procure this book for convenience' sake, even though they may have a number of others in use. Mr. Surenne has conferred an honor upon us, and we can but express our gratification to the publishers for the issue of such a splendid text-book, and trust they will continue in the good work.

The Flush Times of Alabama and Mississippi. A Series of Sketches. By Joseph G. Baldwin. New York: D. Appleton and Co. 1854. [Price, prepaid by mail, $1.25.]

With the single exception, perhaps, of "Georgia Scenes," by the facetious Judge Longstreet, we know nothing equal to this book in its particular field and vein. Mr. Baldwin sketches his pictures of life in the South-west, *con amore*, and to the life. His quiet humor is irresistible, and we recommend his book to all who would "laugh and grow fat." The editor of the *Chambers Tribune* (Alabama), thus speaks of it:

"As a delineation of character and incident, developed by the Flush Times, this book is a verity, corroborated by the recollection of every observant man of those days. It is truly an admirable performance, evincing abilities of a very high order. Brilliant as its wit and irresistible as its humor are, one sees that they are among the rich gifts with which nature has lavishly endowed the author. He is a man to write books to endure."

Minnie Hermon; or, the Night and its Morning. A Tale of the Times. By Thurlow W. Brown. Auburn: Derby, Orton and Mulligan. 1854. [Price, prepaid by mail, $1.50.]

Mr. Brown is editor of that sterling paper, the *Cayuga Chief*, and is well-known as a zealous and efficient advocate of temperance. No man in this country can write a better temperance tale. His pictures seem terribly *real;* and if we mistake not, his stories owe, in part, at least, their pathos and power to the fact that they *are not fictions*. He changes names and places, perhaps, but he gives us real scenes, with all the faithfulness of the daguerreotype. Minnie Hermon is his latest effort, and is a story of thrilling interest, and of the highest moral tendencies. It is truly a "Tale for the Times."

Putnam for April is an excellent number. "Connecticut Georgics," "Fireside Travels," "The Vision of Hashoosh," and a continuation of "The Encantadas; or, the Enchanted Isles," believed to be from the pen of Herman Melville, are among the more notable articles. "The Two Angels," a poem of the most "tender and spiritual beauty," which we think no one but Longfellow could have written, enriches this number. We never take up Putnam without finding something fresh and racy.